

The TATLER

and

BYSTANDER

Vol. CLXII. No. 2113

London
December 24, 1941



REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER FOR
TRANSMISSION IN THE
UNITED KINGDOM

For quality buy

JAEGGER

You will find a Jaeger agent anywhere

STATE EXPRESS

555

Cigarettes



McVITIE & PRICE

Biscuits of Highest Quality

Depend on obtaining the Best

Presta

MINERAL WATERS

Healthful and Invigorating

ASK FOR THEM BY NAME

For
**INFLUENZA
& COLDS**
Cephos
SOLD EVERYWHERE
1/3 & 3/-
IN TABLET OR
POWDER FORM
Pronounced See-fos REGD
THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY
is safe and certain

Welcome Always—
Keep it Handy

GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY

P.S. Stocks still available
but restricted

The Aristocrat of Liqueurs

Drambuie

THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO., 12 YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH

Meet me at—

FORTNUM'S

FORTNUM & MASON PICCADILLY

Share your **CALEY CHOCOLATES** *this Christmas*



CHOCOLATE IS SCARCE—BUT CALEY'S MAKE THE BEST OF IT!

To obtain widest distribution Fortune Chocolates are now only packed in small sizes

THE TATLER

and BYSTANDER

LONDON
DECEMBER 24, 1941

Price :
One Shilling and Sixpence
Vol. CLXII. No. 2113

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d



Harlip

Engaged: The Earl of Harrington and Miss Grey

The engagement was announced recently of William Henry Leicester Stanhope, eleventh Earl of Harrington, of Elvaston Castle, Derby, to Miss Eileen Grey. His fiancée is the only daughter of the late Sir John Grey, Bt., and of the late Lady Grey, of Enville Hall, Stourbridge. Lord Harrington, who is nineteen, succeeded his father in 1929, and he is heir presumptive to the Viscounty of Stanhope Mahon and the Barony of Stanhope of Elvaston. His mother is the wife of Mr. Luke Lillingston, whom she married as her second husband in 1934, and lives at Mount Coote, Co. Limerick. Lord Harrington is in the R.A.C.



Way of the War

By "Foresight"

Royal Inspiration

PLANS for the King's Christmas broadcast were made before Japan, throwing in her lot with Germany and Italy, set the Pacific ablaze. Now that war encircles the whole world, and embraces every great Power, the occasion assumes the highest importance.

More than any other modern monarch, King George VI—whose forty-sixth birthday on December 14 was passed quietly with his family—carries great responsibilities. Through all the changing fortunes of this war the King has been the source of steadfast inspiration to the people of Britain and the Empire, and an example to the world of British stability. His ceaseless round of war inspections displays only a small part of his earnest desire to share the common lot. No effort is too much for him. Only his closest advisers know what greater risks he would have undertaken just as cheerfully from time to time. He is therefore fitted to speak words of encouragement to an embattled world.

Allied War Council

WHEN Mr. Harry Hopkins, President Roosevelt's friend and foremost adviser, was in London some months back he discussed with Mr. Churchill the creation of an Anglo-American War Council. This has long been one of the President's preoccupations, arising out of his experience of the last war. After America had declared war on Germany in 1917, it was many long months before the efforts of Britain and the United States were co-ordinated.

Since President Roosevelt realised that America's entry into this war was inevitable

he has been anxious to ensure that there should not be a similar time-lag. He indicated this to the American people in his broadcast immediately after Congress had unanimously accepted Japan's challenge. He told them that this was an all-in war for the United States, and therefore they must join in the conception of a world-wide strategy. After talking to Mr. Churchill, Mr. Hopkins took back to Washington certain proposals as the basis for the setting up of inter-allied organisations in London and Washington. These proposals are now about to be put into operation.

Russia's Position

SOVIET RUSSIA has been unwilling to share her conceptions of strategy and the extent of her reserves with anybody, and particularly not with Great Britain. She accepted British help with expressions of sincere gratitude, but there's always been a difficulty in winning her confidence in return. Before Japan entered the war the United States seemed to enjoy Russia's confidence more than did Great Britain. I assume that after M. Litvinoff's arrival in Washington as Ambassador, and the fact that Americans suddenly became outspoken about Russia's early reluctance to declare her hand against Japan, there will be a change to all that. These three great Powers have all the resources in the world, but these can be of no avail without the closest co-operation.

No Separate Peace

FIRST of all there must be a hard and fast agreement that neither will sign a separate peace. Mr. Anthony Eden has lately been discussing this important preliminary under-

standing. He has also been examining the machinery by which the three Powers, and China, can collaborate. There's no time to be lost, and the speed with which Mr. Eden has been moving lately shows that he realises this.

We have entered a new and more desperate phase of the war; desperate for Hitler and equally desperate for us. In this phase we can be assured that Hitler—after his compulsory withdrawal in Russia and his reverse in Libya—will stop at nothing. Every political and military device will be used by him now to grasp the initiative, which he knows must leave him soon.



The Wife and Son of a V.C.

Mrs. Malcolm David Wanklyn, seen here with her small son, is the wife of Lieutenant-Commander Wanklyn, D.S.O., R.N., who has been awarded the V.C. for "outstanding valour, determination and leadership" while in command of the submarine, *Upholder*. Lieutenant-Commander Wanklyn married Miss Elspeth Kinloch when he was stationed at Malta, and they have one son, Ian David, who has not seen his father for a year.



The Duke of Kent Opens a Club

The new Chevrons Club in Pont Street was opened recently by the Duke of Kent. The club, which is the social centre for N.C.O.s, was bombed out of its St. George's Square headquarters last year. The Duke made a speech in which he said that N.C.O.s are the backbone of the fighting services, and he read a message from the King and Queen. The King is patron of the club. Above are the Duke of Kent, Lord Trenchard, Admiral of the Fleet Lord Chatfield, Mr. L. S. Amery



The Duchess Looks at "Bundles for Britain"

The Duchess of Kent was present at a party given at the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital in honour of the "Bundles for Britain" organisation, which has done so much for the hospital. The Duchess, with Mrs. Ellworthy, M.T.C., and Lady Beatty, looked at some of the bundles of babies' clothes presented by "Bundles for Britain." Lady Beatty is chairman of the organisation.

American Unity

THE reaction of the people of the United States may have surprised Hitler, for his declaration was nothing more than a damp squib. President Roosevelt didn't find it necessary to appear before Congress to get a unanimous vote. This demonstration of unity—a danger sign to Hitler, if ever there was one—came at a time when the United States was staggering under a terrific shock.

Automatically the people of America—and the Americas—lined up behind President Roosevelt. His warnings were justified; and his leadership received the reward of complete



Charwomen for the Y.M.C.A.

Miss Mary Simmons and Miss Mary Wellesley are doing voluntary part-time work as charwomen at a Surrey Y.M.C.A. canteen. Miss Wellesley is the younger daughter of the late Lord Richard Wellesley and of Lady George Wellesley, and is a cousin of the Duke of Wellington. As a full-time member of the W.V.S. she also helps to run a Queen's Messenger mobile canteen

trust. Churchill holds the same position of trust in this country; so does Stalin in Russia; and Chiang Kia-Shek in China. These are four determined personalities, all dominated by the same motive. Their combination spells Hitler's doom!

Long Planning

THE comprehensive nature of the Japanese attack on British and American possessions in the Pacific unmasks the true character of Japan's infamy. Obviously she had been planning such an attack for a long time. No military lesson of recent years, or months, has been allowed to pass unstudied. Then with all the advantages of double-dealing and surprise they struck. In quick succession blows of grievous severity were delivered. But we are entitled to ask, without losing sight of unpleasant facts, how long can the Japanese maintain an offensive which is so widely scattered?

The extent of their sea-power is a closely guarded secret. But their air-power cannot hope to compete with that of the United States in the long run. And the Japanese themselves have settled decisively the vulnerability of the battleship when faced with determined air attack. In this one direction Japan faces a terrible reckoning. For the decimation of her sea-power will make most precarious her hold on any of the territories she may now seize.



Johnson, Oxford

The Opening of a Polish Club at Oxford

Count Edward Raczyński, the Polish Foreign Minister, performed the opening ceremony of a new Polish club at Oxford. Above are Dr. Chelmikowski, secretary, Count Zamoyski, president, Countess Zamoyska, Count Radzynski and Dr. M. Seyda, a former Polish Minister of Justice

Oriental Conceit

JAPAN's frontal attack on the United States at the same time as Britain indicates the mad ambition of her present ruling clique. One could have understood the strategy if she had contented herself by a sudden descent on British territory. But clearly her leaders are conceited enough to believe that Japan can defy the United States as well as Great Britain. Obviously her defeat is not going to be as easy as popular opinion in the United States has always held. Japan has won some early victories, and she may have more before the tide turns. But the sting of humiliation has sunk deeply in the hearts of the American people, and there can be no quick victory as the Japanese leaders must have gambled on.

Axis Co-operation

I AM convinced that Japan struck when she did because her leaders thought it suited them best, and not because Hitler urged them to do so. But that does not mean that the Japanese didn't see a chance of fitting themselves into Hitler's grand conception of Axis conquest. Here we see the unfolding of Hitler's biggest pincers plan. The plan by which he believes he can win world domination. He hopes—or did hope—to make a successful drive through the Middle East to India. Here the Japanese hope to meet him with their load of conquests.

There's no harm in Hitler dreaming about these things, if his people will put up with the pain and suffering he demands of them daily, and the inevitable result which must overtake them. Rommel has failed to fulfil his tiny part in the pincer's leg. Had he succeeded, even in holding our forces, he would have helped Hitler. But he has failed; and the news from Russia must be a cold blast to the drugged hopes of the blindest German who has put his faith in Hitler.

Strategic Revision

THE sudden death of Admiral Sir Tom Phillips while flying his flag in the Prince of Wales is deplored. I have rarely seen Mr. Churchill so deeply moved as when he announced the loss of his friend to the House of Commons. Sir Tom had left his desk at the Admiralty to assume a vital sea-going command after several years in Whitehall. No man was more versed in the strategy of sea power in these changed times, for every day he must have received some report of the menace of air power. The Prime Minister paid well-merited tribute to Sir Tom's career and his courage. But on the House of Commons

was left the impression that our strategists must themselves—and quickly—insist on the creation of greater co-operation between land, sea and air forces. Our victory depends on the combined efforts of all; not on the traditions and the gallantry of an individual service.

On this important point—which also embraces the necessity of adequate air protection for ships operating near shore-based aircraft—the Government will have to take action, or face the demands of the House of Commons for an inquiry, which would not only be inopportune, but unworthy of the valour of our fighting men.

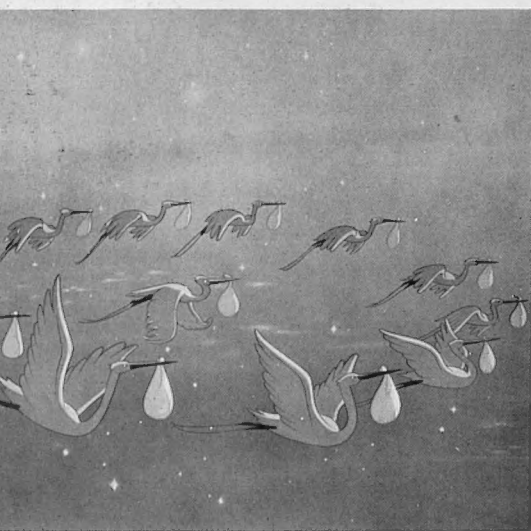
Libyan Secret

ONE of the best-kept secrets of the Libyan campaign was the replacement, within a week, of General Sir Alan Cunningham by forty-four-year-old Lieut.-General Neil Ritchie in command of the Eighth Army. By his action General Auchinleck won the praise of the Prime Minister, and the recognition of the House of Commons that this is a young man's war, even among generals. When the Prime Minister, announcing the Libyan offensive in late November, indicated that there would be victory or defeat in quick time in such a trial of strength he was obviously accepting the opinion of General Auchinleck. It is just as obvious that when the decision seemed delayed General Auchinleck went to the battlefield himself to see what was happening.

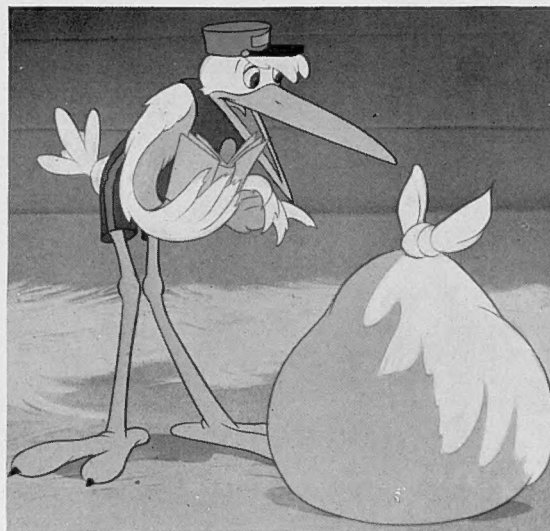
Although the newspapers at the time made much play with the firm of Cunningham, Cunningham and Coningham, they did not state the true position. Responsibility for the direction of strategy in the Middle East rests with General Auchinleck, Sir Andrew Cunningham for the Navy, and Air Marshal A. W. Tedder for the Air Force. The campaign was launched when we had air superiority, and the control of the sea. So Sir Claude Auchinleck was carrying great responsibility for ensuring the success of the campaign, for which he had made all his necessary strategic plans.

Well-Intentioned

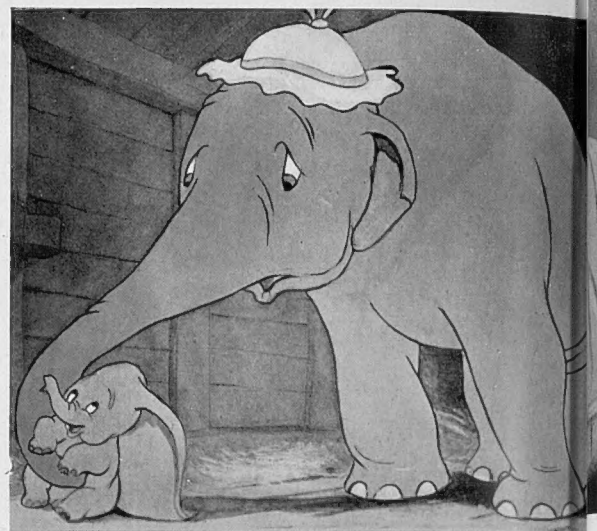
THE world is strewn with good intentions; but beware of typist's errors. This is the story of a high official overseas who wrote to a much higher personage in London describing the welcome he had given to the latter's son on his arrival on active service. "I can assure you," he wrote to the official "that your son arrived with the light of the bottle in his eye!"



The dive-bombing storks are delivering babies by parachute to the Disney Circus



Dumbo is delivered tied up like a Christmas pudding by Postman Stork



The baby Dumbo is born with enormous flapping ears. Mrs. Jumbo is worried

Myself at the Pictures

By James Agate

La Bête Humaine

I AM painfully shy. In comparison with the modest violet who indites this column the dramatic critic of this paper is a trumpet-orchid and the author of *Standing By* the gaudiest of Mr. Browning's melon-flowers. Being the soul of modesty I never boast, and the notion of a scoop is repugnant to me. Yet I cannot refrain from recalling my one and only journalistic scoop and making a boast of it here and now.

THE way of it was this: M. Jean Gabin and Mlle. Simone Simon came over to this country in connexion with a film which had been made from Zola's *La Bête Humaine* and showing at the little Academy Theatre. A party was given to meet them. You know the kind of thing. A small room in an expensive hotel, and the guests of honour in the centre of what looks like a Rugby scrum entirely composed of journalists. For a long time I hovered on the edge of the crowd; the party began at three o'clock and it was not until six that I got a word with Gabin. To him I said: "Monsieur Gabin, I am going to ask you a question that you must have answered a hundred times today. Can you really drive a railway engine?" Gabin replied: "Nobody asks me that question and I drive her very well." We then went into details and this fine actor told me that prior to making this film he had put in six months' hard work in a railway yard, at the end of which time he had obtained his driver's certificate. He added that he was a member of the Engine-drivers' Union, and had driven the Marseilles to Paris express. Next day I printed the interview under the heading "The News The Others Missed." I was immensely proud of that scoop, and am still proud of it.

THE audience at the London Pavilion did not quite know what to make of *Judas Was a Woman*, the ridiculous new name under which this film must now labour. Among the audience were a great number of men serving in the Forces with their sweethearts. Watch-

ing the film and listening to the titters one realised how enormously Hollywood has misled the youth of today on the one matter on which it is supposed to be an authority—passion. It is fair to say that the modern boy and girl obtain their notion of passion not from the theatre, since they have no use for *Romeo and Juliet* except in Hollywood travesty; nor from the opera, since Miss Jeanette Macdonald has not yet seen herself in the part of Isolda; nor from the masterpieces of literature, for to them Tess would be a bore while Miss Blandish is no end of fun. Passion to the young filmgoer is a decorous arrangement of lips and arms, a pattern in lipstick and diamond bracelets, the ever-familiar surrender of that wilting flower Lana Glue to the manly and persistent ardour of that equally popular favourite Dwight Gloy. Which spectacle is, of course, as much like the real thing as the noise emanating from a crooner is like singing or the filth discoursed by a dance band resembles music.

ZOLA's love-making belongs to another school. It is something of which one is a little ashamed. Is it possible that a pair of lovers should be other than the overgrown babies of the Hollywood screen, that lying in each other's arms they should babble of murder? The lovers in this case, as the reader will remember, are an engine-driver and the wife of his chef-de-gare, well and truly, as Mr. Wyndham Lewis would permit me to say, *cocufié*. But the stationmaster is more jealous even than most of his kind, and in his rage has already murdered a scoundrel who was his wife's lover before his marriage to her. We saw the murder, and we remember how the wife was forced to behold it. And it is this murder which she must now describe to her lover. It has become a question of getting rid of the husband, but the lover happens to suffer from epilepsy, and can only rise to the heights of assassination during an attack. Presently an attack comes on, but unfortunately for the wretched wife, it is she,

not her husband, who is the victim of momentary madness. The husband returns to find his wife stabbed to death. He stands in the doorway with his back to the audience and whimpers, thus exhibiting the unusual spectacle of a chef-de-gare who is a figure of tragedy instead of fun. No wonder the audience tittered at something so essentially un-Hollywood.

THE presentation of this magnificent film was almost entirely spoilt on the evening I attended by the quite monstrous sound-amplification. This was all very well in the scenes which happened in the cab of the engine and in the railway station at Le Havre, where the excess of din was an adjunct to realism. But that was surely no reason why everywhere else our ears should be so violently assaulted, the characters roaring and bellowing like sea-lions, and the incidental music attaining a volume of sound which could only be described as ear-splitting. The complaints in my neighbourhood were outspoken and general. It would be useless for anybody to tell me that all this noise was unavoidable; it was successfully avoided at the little Academy Theatre. My brain was so concussed that it was some considerable time before I could give the admirable performances of Gabin and Simon their proper due.

There was one charming interlude when the battery of our ears momentarily ceased. This was the scene of the railwaymen's ball, a piece of mob-characterisation which the French do so brilliantly. Here were perfectly reproduced in comparative quiet the manners of a provincial town, of railwaymen dressed up for an evening's gaiety, and of a conductor who could have been nobody except a railwayman conducting an orchestra of platelayers from the P.L.M. All this part was sheer delight; the rest was deafening torment.

Dumbo (New Gallery) is an enchanting film from beginning to end. Neither baby elephant nor Walt Disney, his creator, puts a foot wrong throughout. This story of a little chap whose out-size ears first make him the butt of the circus and then enable him to fly, is a charming fairy tale uproariously, wittily, and even tenderly told. There are nine very jolly musical numbers, and in my view the film is the best Mr. Disney has yet done. There are no excursions into humanity, often dangerous ground for this artist. In the present picture he keeps entirely to that animal kingdom in which his sway is sovereign and undisputed.



Timothy Q. Mouse is on top of the world. He and Dumbo get tight by drinking pink champagne which they mistake for water. Together they sing "Pink Elephants"



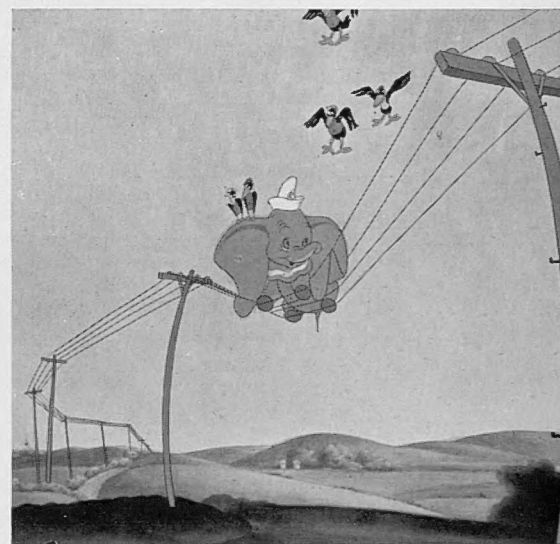
Casey Junior, the singing locomotive, is drawing the circus train on its way. This is Casey Junior's second appearance. Do you remember him in "The Reluctant Dragon"?



The Five Black Crows sing and dance in a number entitled "When I See an Elephant Fly" in negro dialect. Their voices are real negro. The voice of Jim Crow, the leader, is that of Cliff Edwards



Dumbo is striving for fame so that he may establish himself as a personage in the world of the circus. Here he is making his first attempt to become the world's only flying elephant



A forced landing. Dumbo has landed amongst the telegraph wires, but his friends are near at hand. Timothy Q. perches in his hat, the Five Black Crows hover around

"Dumbo" is Dumb but he flies to Fame

Dumbo (New Gallery, December 21) is Walt Disney's fifth full-length Technicolor feature. This time all the principal actors are completely cartoon. There is Dumbo, the hero, Jumbo, his mother, Timothy Q. Mouse, the smallest figure in the film, who befriends Dumbo and becomes his business adviser, Casey Junior, the all-but-human singing railway engine, Jim Crow, Chief of the Black Crows, and last, but not least, the Stork, who really started it all by dropping Dumbo through the roof of his mother's railway compartment. Nine musical numbers contribute their share to a delightful entertainment

The Circus Ringmaster is in trouble.



Dumbo's great night has arrived. He is making his first appearance in the circus as the one and only flying elephant

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

The Morning Star (Globe)

HERE would seem to be the first serious play on the present war produced in the West End of London. The prattles and prabbles of coupon comedy give place at last to the anguish of hope, the routine of heroism. Death hovers ominously; little principals peep between his legs for self-respect and existence; the siren wails, the thunderbolts descend, Charon gets busy with his stretcher.

Do people or don't people want plays about air-raids? Really, my dear colleagues, we might leave that question decently to the box-office, a place that does not concern us. If Mr. Emlyn Williams wants to write a play about air raids, he must write a play about air raids, and the devil take the booking.

Personally, I found *The Morning Star* moving when it reproduced conditions and atmospheres with which, a year ago, we were sufficiently familiar. When it created rather than reproduced, it lost depth.

WHAT is wrong with *The Morning Star*? I suspect that the impulse to write a serious play about air raids preceded (instead of occurring simultaneously with) the idea of the story to which these air raids are an accompaniment. In the lack of any fundamental association between the two lies one of the chief weaknesses of the piece. But the story anyhow isn't very good or very fresh.

So many brilliant young doctors in so many plays have been on the verge of so many great medical discoveries which so many authorities have sought to thwart! So many clever husbands have been estranged from so many true-blue wives through the counter-attraction of so many gilded Society butterflies! So many marital eyes have been opened in so many times of crisis to so many good qualities in legal partners and so many bad ones in illicit companions! So many babies have been proclaimed on the way after so many disappointments just before so many curtains have fallen on so many gratifying reconciliations!



Pious Welsh valet, Brimbo, and his master, Dr. Datcher (Roddy Hughes and Frederick Lloyd)

Sketches by
Tom Titt

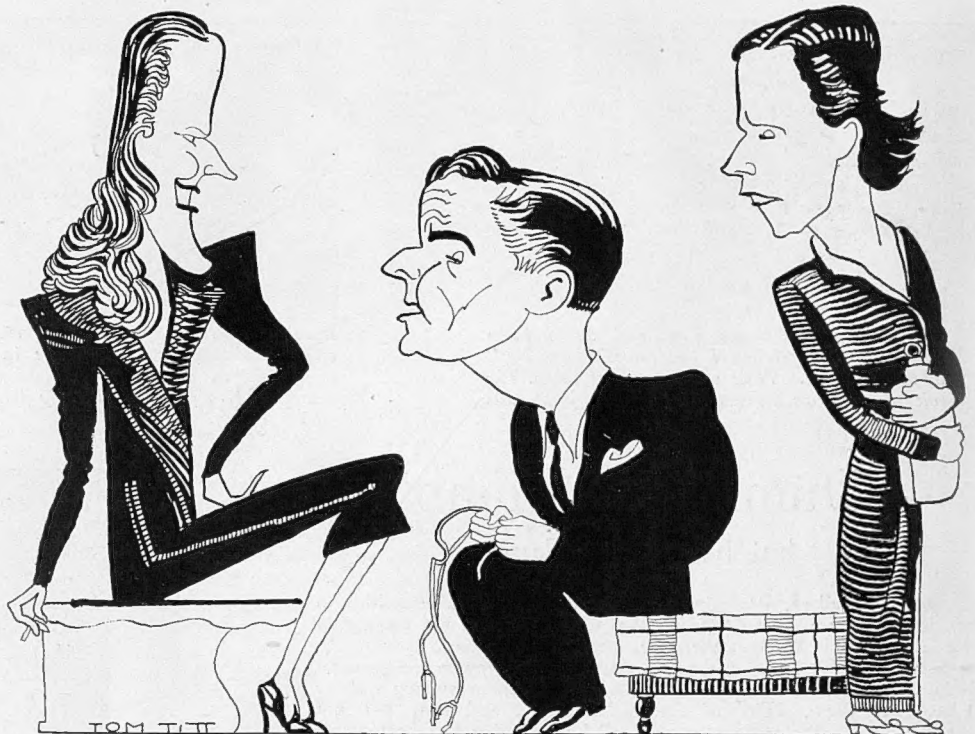
How much more original (and no less credible) it would have been if the Society butterfly in *The Morning Star* had acted with unexpected heroism when the bombs were falling while the true-blue wife unexpectedly went to pieces, and if the husband, in spite of it, had found that he loved his wife best after all, since it is not true that we love women because they behave bravely and cool off if they don't.

The psychology in this piece is superficial—a superficiality that is accentuated at frequent intervals by passages of high literary sentiment, bits of definite "writing," purple passages with improbable adjectives that have no place in what sets out to be a realistic play. The blue pencil for the purple passage! The blue pencil or blank verse.

WHERE Mr. Williams succeeds most effectively is in his detail, which is so often truly and amusingly observed. While the husband, the wife and the butterfly carry on the dramatic hack-work, minor characters make the most of



Mrs. Lane, a London charwoman, and her mistress, Mrs. Parrilow, watch the destruction of a neighbour's house (Gladys Henson and Elliot Mason)

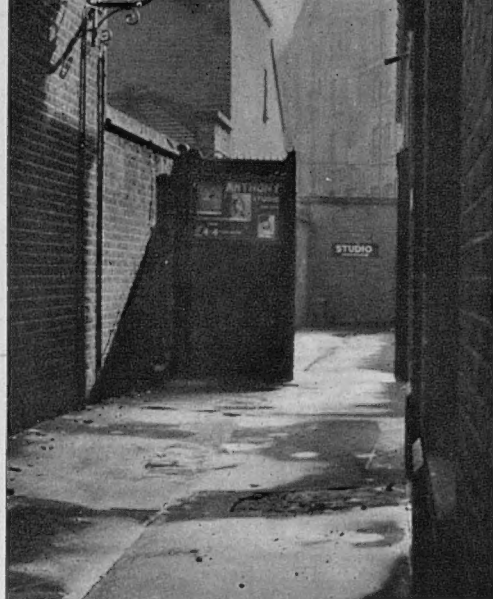


The Social butterfly is vamping the doctor. Her wiles are unsuccessful. True love wins the day. (Ambrosine Phillpotts, Emlyn Williams and Angela Baddeley)

their freedom, doing the right thing because nothing depends on it and telling the truth because there is no reason why they shouldn't.

A charwoman, most acutely, entertainingly and honestly played by Miss Gladys Henson; a mother, staunchly and uncompromisingly played by Miss Elliott Mason; a Welsh servant, played with superb simplicity by Mr. Roddy Hughes—these are characters of quality. The little prayer delivered by the Welshman before an air raid provides one of those memorable moments which confirm the opinion that Mr. Williams is a national playwright who might go far if he would stick to his native soil. What a blessing that J. M. Synge never entered the Savoy Grill!

FOR Mr. Williams is one of the few playwrights who can do something good and might do something better. He is also equipped as an actor for far more interesting parts than he has given himself in *The Morning Star*. Both the husband and the wife lack colour. Once again it is Miss Angela Baddeley's main business to be plucky. Having shown signs a short while ago of becoming a fine comedienne, let us hope that mere virtue will not continue to bar the path of progress. A clever performance is given by Miss Ambrosine Phillpotts as the butterfly. She has something of the vacuous, witty, provocative quality of Miss Isabel Jeans and will be deservedly in demand.



The Studio: Montmartre, S.W.7



Margot Fonteyn Starts to Make Up



A Fuse Goes: Margot is Amused

The Stand-In and the Star

Margot Fonteyn is photographed by Gordon Anthony before her first performance to-night (Christmas Eve) in "Casse Noisette"

The Sadler's Wells Ballet is back at the New Theatre from to-day (Christmas Eve), opening with a revival of *Casse Noisette*, in which Margot Fonteyn makes her first appearance since her early days as première danseuse. She will, during the season, take a leading role in *Comus*, Robert Helpmann's first ballet for the Wells company (music—Purcell, arr. Lambert; decor—Oliver Messel). Another first appearance to-day is that of Gordon Anthony's book, *Margot Fonteyn*, containing twenty-four camera studies of the Wells ballerina in various roles, with an appreciation by Eveleigh Leith. The pictures on this page give some idea of how Anthony prepares for and takes his ballet photographs



The Stand-In: Mrs. Buckwell, the Studio housekeeper, known as the Duchess of Putney, obliges for lighting and scenic effects



The Star: the complete picture of Margot Fonteyn as the Swan Princess. The two poses differ, but each has its points

Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd



D. R. Stuart

Captain and Mrs. George Pike

Miss Gabrielle Woods, youngest daughter of the Rt. Rev. Edward Woods, Bishop of Lichfield, was married on December 20th in Lichfield Cathedral to Captain George Pike, of the Scots Guards. Captain Pike is the only son of Major S. A. Pike, M.C., and Mrs. Pike, of Cothill House, Abingdon



Lord and Lady Sefton

The Earl of Sefton was married on December 9th to Mrs. Erskine Gwynne, of Glens, Virginia. After the ceremony at Caxton Hall the bride and bridegroom travelled to Liverpool, where a special service of prayer was held in the Cathedral. Flowers from Lord Sefton's family seats at Croxteth Hall and Abbeystead decorated the altar

People

MRS. CHURCHILL was in the House of Commons to hear her husband's speech about the new war development, wearing a snow leopard coat, and a wide orange-coloured ribbon round her hair.

Myra Hess was having an early lunch before going to a matinee of *Blithe Spirit*, very cheerful. Lord Decies was lunching out the same day, and Eric Maschwitz was in London, walking in Piccadilly. Sir Philip Game, covered with medal ribbons, was lunching at a club with other distinguished policemen, and Mr. and Mrs. Ian Lubbock, he on a week's holiday from the Oxford Repertory, were lunching together. And Jack Buchanan and Jean Gillie were together at the Meurice.

Engagements and Christening

LORD POULETT is engaged to Miss Lorraine Lawrence, of Svendborg, Denmark. He used to be interested in driving trains, and has a lovely house at Hinton St. George, in Somerset.

Lieut.-Colonel Lord Gough and Lady Gough's baby was christened Shaun Hugh Maryon at St. Andrew's Cathedral, Inverness. The Bishop of Moray, Ross and Caithness officiated, and the godparents were Sir Ronald Cross, Lieut.-General H. R. Alexander, Lieut.-Colonel Eneas Grant, Lady Fox, Mrs. Ambrose Congreve, Mrs. Kenneth Maconachie, and Miss J. Chenevix-French.

Lady Gough was Miss Bettine Maryon-Wilson.

Things in Dublin

LORD AND LADY ORANMORE AND BROWNE have been in Dublin lately, also Sir Alexander Maguire, who visited Dr. Douglas Hyde at Phoenix Park.

At the Gaiety Theatre, Shaw's *Cæsar and Cleopatra* was performed on the theatre's seventieth birthday, and Mr. John Betjeman wrote a special poem for the occasion, which was recited by Anew McMaster, the Shakespearean actor. The opening play of the Dublin Drama League's season at the Gate Theatre was Frank O'Connor's new play, *The Statue's Sister*. In Christmas week, Dublin Gate Productions will be at this theatre, and after Christmas Lord Longford is going to Waterford with his wife's play, *Lord Edward*, and then returning to the Gate with his company.

A new President has been elected for University College, Dublin, Dr. A. W. Conway, F.R.S., who succeeds Mr. W. E. Wylie, K.C.

Stained Glass in Kilkenny

MISS EVIE HONE, daughter of Mr. Joseph Hone, and cousin of Joseph Hone, who wrote *Bishop Berkeley's Life*, has an exhibition of stained glass, paintings and ink drawings of early Irish figures in St. Canice's Cathedral, Kilkenny. The exhibition was opened by Mr. Thomas McGreevy, who was lecturer on art at the National Gallery in London until last year. Miss Hone's window, "The Four Green Fields," was executed at the Tower of Glass Studio, Dublin, and shown at the 1939 New York Fair.

Stained glass is a tradition in the Hone family: an ancestor, Galyon Hone, was responsible for the windows in King's College, Cambridge, in the reign of Henry VII., and for the east window in St. Margaret's, Westminster.

Dance

THERE was a small dance in aid of the British Prisoners of War Fund at the Gargoyle Club—it was only possible to sell thirty-six tickets, so as not to crowd out ordinary members. Miss Christine Knowles, O.B.E., who delighted everyone by her presence at the dance, is the founder and hon. director of the fund being aided, and Lord Aberdare its chairman. There are going to be two more of these dances, and Walter Crisham will entertain at the next.

Under the direction of Mrs. Manley there is a young committee of six, headed by Lady Patricia French, Lord Ypres' daughter, who is engaged to Mr. Henry Kingsbury, with whom she was dancing. Miss Lola Greene was another, dark Miss Diana Cox, and tall, blonde Miss Pamela Ames, keeping everyone amused. Mrs. (Angie) Sandeman was the only married one of the committee, but looked the youngest of the lot. Lord French was there too, dancing with Miss Federic, the daughter of Prince Andrew of Russia, and entertainment was kindly contributed by Mr. Edward Cooper, and also by Mr. Kingsbury, who sang Spanish songs to the guitar.

Vandyke

VANDYKE's tercentenary is marked by an exhibition of reproductions of his works at the Victoria and Albert Museum. The exhibition was opened by the Belgian Ambassador, Baron Cartier de Marchienne, who read a letter from the King, and there was a luncheon at the Belgian Embassy afterwards, where the guests were Sir Lance Oliphant, Mr. Brendan Bracken, Sir Alexander Hardinge, Sir Kenneth Clarke, Sir Edward Lutyens, Mr. Augustus John, Sir Eric Maclagan, and Mr. R. A. Butler.

The exhibition is interesting, covering Vandyke's three periods, and there are also reproductions of some portraits by contemporary artists. They are mostly photographs, but there is one shiny oil copy of the three heads of Charles I. from which a bust was made. The originals of Queen Henrietta Maria with her dwarf, and the Princes Palatine, Rupert and Charles Louis, must be specially attractive.

Leicester Galleries

THREE exhibitions going on here at the moment. In the first room, drawings by Mervyn Peake, strikingly attractive and original—some of them originals of nursery-rhyme illustrations, which are also contained in a lovely book, others abstract, illustrating his book of poems, *Shapes and Sounds*, some illustrations for *The Hunting of the Snark*, and some studies of people and things—including gruesomely realistic newborn babies—which are all enormously interesting and clever.

Then there are oils by Alison Debenham and Leila Faithfull in the next room, and in the room beyond oils by Kanelba, who was born in Warsaw, studied there and in Paris, and for years exhibited in the Salon d'Automne and the Salon de Tuileries. Among his private collectors are Lord Willoughby de Eresby, Lord Louis Mountbatten, Lord Brecknock, Mrs. A. G. Vanderbilt, Lady Carmichael Anstruther, Lord Grimthorpe, Lord Fitzharris, Sir Michael Duff Assheton-Smith and Lady Iris O'Malley. There is a portrait of Lord Louis Mountbatten's daughter, Pamela, and one of Lord Willoughby de Eresby's daughter, and the "Girl with Red Hair" is an attractive head.

Exhibition at Reading

THERE has been an exhibition at the Art Gallery, Reading, of toys made by people in the neighbourhood for local war-time nurseries. The London A.F.S. gave a lead in the toy-making idea—wooden crates, scraps of material, etc., are used to make Dutch dolls, Teddy bears, wheelbarrows and rocking-horses, all very useful, as there is a toy shortage. I overheard someone in Harrods say that a big toy wholesaler couldn't get a rocking-horse for his own child.

Lady Sibly opened the exhibition in the unavoidable absence of Lady Reading, and the Mayor of Reading, Councillor W. E. C. McIlroy, made a speech too, referring to the Reading and Berks. Nursery Council, and to Miss Campbell, its chairman, and Mrs. Archibald, both of whom have done much for the nursery movement in Reading.

Shooting

NOWADAYS this word as often as not means films, not game or gangsters, and with America now preoccupied, it looks as if we shall have to rely more than ever on the home studios.

Down at Welwyn, Mr. Leslie Arliss, script writer and director, is directing his own script, *The Night Has Eyes*, with Mary Clare,

Wilfred Lawson, James Mason and Joyce Howard in the principal parts. Wonderful patience displayed by all the actors, repeating and re-repeating a few lines of dialogue without context, surrounded by Heath Robinson contraptions—lights, sound apparatus, camera—yards and yards of snake-thick flex writhing all over the floor, and masses of people just standing about, with one occasionally dashing forward with a tape measure, and maybe another moving something an inch or two forward or back. Of course, moments occur when they all develop uses, but much of the time they just seem like a crowd round a labour exchange.

Films

CLARK GABLE is in Leicester Square again, as quizzical, whimsical, dashing and devastating as ever. In *Fun and Games*, Arthur Riscoe asks what would be left if Gable's ears were taken away? The answer seems to be a winsome expression hanging in mid-air, like the Cheshire cat's grin in *Alice*.

And Bing Crosby is up to his tricks again too, singing nicely in *The Birth of the Blues*, which would be very enjoyable but for the intrusions of an infant prodigy, who, like most film children, arouses my fiercest infanticidal feelings.

Dining Out

MOST of the celebrities at the Savoy for the Thursday night cabaret—which was Edward Cooper—were stage and film ones. Mr. Robert Morley, stepping across from the theatre where he comes to dinner so amusingly; Mr. Arthur Riscoe, eating oysters; Mr. Bobby Howes, jolly and smiling; Mr. Robert Newton, surprisingly young for rememberers of *Hatter's Castle*; Mr. Arthur Askey, scorching about the room like a friendly terrier; Miss Roberta Huby, dimpling in blue; Mr. Jack Hilton, in pale-rimmed spectacles matching his hair, and all being greeted by Miss Hermione Gingold from a table at the door.



Swaebe

Captain and the Hon. Mrs. J. Innes

Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Innes were photographed at the first night of "The Man Who Came to Dinner." Mrs. Innes was formerly the Hon. Neferari Bethell, daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Richard Bethell and sister of the present Lord Westbury



Swaebe

Lord and Lady Manton

Lord and Lady Manton were dining together at the Meurice. Lady Manton was formerly the wife of Capt. John Player, of Nottingham, and is the daughter of the late Major Guy Reynolds, D.S.O. She married Lord Manton as his second wife in 1938



Swaebe

Lord Normanton and Lady Amy Biddulph

Lord Normanton was at the Lansdowne with his sister, Lady Amy Biddulph. Lady Biddulph is the wife of the Hon. Michael Biddulph, the elder son and heir of Lord Biddulph



English by birth, American by marriage, Mrs. Henry van Brunt Smith, of Norwalk, Conn., has a niece and nephew (see right) as war guests, and was photographed with another small refugee, James Saunders, who lives with a neighbour, Mrs. Gerald Cutler. His father is a soldier, Colonel Patrick Saunders



Their aunt, Mrs. van Brunt Smith, is war hostess to these two, Barbara and Michael Stokes-Rees, whose father is a Gunner. She has two sons of her own and a house in pleasant Connecticut countryside where many English children have found wartime homes



Mrs. Frank Kelly (Venetia Dormer that was) and her son Christopher stayed with friends in Bedford County until her husband retired from his job on the suspended "Paris Herald." Now they are all living near New York. Christopher is a great-nephew of Sir Cecil Dormer, the British Ambassador to Poland

Across the Atlantic

Children, Mothers and Foster-Mothers in America



Mrs. McGuffie is one of the most popular British mothers in Long Island. With her here are her son James and an American classmate of his, Bobby Brian. Mrs. McGuffie is a sister of Mrs. "Toby" Thelluson

Mrs. Carll Tucker, of Mount Kisco, New York, has Lord and Lady Bingham's four children with her here. She applied for four British war guests and happened to get the Bingham. Front row (centre) is Mrs. Tucker's own granddaughter, Ann Draper, great-niece of Miss Ruth Draper



Two British mothers in Connecticut are Mrs. MacNeece Foster, wife of Air Vice-Marshal MacNeece Foster, and (right) Mrs. Robert Norton, whose husband is at the British Embassy in Lisbon. The Nortons' home in this country was the Powder Mill House at Battle, in Sussex

Elizabeth and Jean-Mary Foster came over with their mother last year. They are the daughters of Air Vice-Marshal MacNeece Foster and have been "adopted" by Mrs. Richard Childs, of Stamford, Connecticut, where they go to school





Mrs. Harold Rosetti and her two children, Susan and Nicholas, are staying with Mrs. Tobias Wagner, of Penllyn, Pennsylvania, who is an old school friend of Mrs. Rosetti's. Here they are seen with Mrs. Alistair Lloyd (right)



Emi-Lou Kinloch is living in New York with her American aunt, Mrs. T. Reed Vreeland, and her American grandfather, Mr. Dalziel. She is a niece of Mrs. Richard Norton and Lady Brownlow



Mrs. John Husted has two war guests, William and Lenette Bromley-Davenport, as well as four children of her own. The John Husteds returned to America after fifteen years in London shortly before the war and have a beautiful country place in Bedford County, New York, where this photograph was taken



Left :

George Robert Cecil Spencer and Maud Catherine Helene Spencer came to New York from Leicestershire with their American-born mother, the Hon. Mrs. Spencer. George goes to St. Bernard's (the Gibbs of New York)



Right :

Geoffrey Holland-Martin, who is now in Canada with his R.A.F. instructor father, came over with his brother last year and lived with Mr. and Mrs. Ellery Husted and their three little girls in Connecticut

Ann, eldest of the four Robert Nortons, is immensely popular in Norwalk, Connecticut, where she goes to school with Mary Turner, who, though American, has an English mother and was brought up in England until the war. Mary is Mrs. Channing Turner's child

Caroline, another of the Norton children, is a "character" among younger refugees. She refers to herself as "old Caroline." Mrs. Norton is working for the British Purchasing Commission in New York. She is living with her family in a lovely 200-year-old cottage in Connecticut



Mrs. Douglas Drysdale and Jennifer have been over in America for a year now. Jennifer goes to the Robert Louis Stevenson School in New York, which has been most generous to refugees. Mrs. Drysdale helps at "The Bridge" magazine office and at various organisations helping Britain. Her husband is on the Prime Minister's secretarial staff in London

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

RADIO comedians, as they are often called, so rarely lumber out of the sawdust ring that it was no real surprise to us, switching on by accident the other night, to hear the traditional Wigan Joke going as strong as ever.

Like Skibbereen (Co. Cork), Landerneau, near Brest, and other honest, inoffensive places, Wigan owes its long martyrdom exclusively to metropolitan whimsy. (The Skibbereen joke-standard is much higher, incidentally. It was the *Skibbereen Eagle* which reported of a funeral at which a mourner fell and broke his leg that "this unfortunate occurrence cast a gloom over the whole proceedings"—a libel plainly manufactured in Dublin.) Japes by hayseeds about hayseeds are more justifiable; e.g., the ancient Sussex one about the runcible natives of Piddinghoe, near Lewes, who shoe magpies and hang ponds out to dry, and the song the Aragonese sing in praise of their own obstinacy about a man who passed through Aragon and saw a native upside down, hammering in nails with his head.

Al pasar por Aragón
He visto un aragonés,
Que estaba clavando clavos
Con la cabeza al revés.

Every country has aged rural jests like these, and doubtless one recognised provincial target for its metropolitan wags as well, for in every country the metropolitan slicker esteems himself a devil of a fellow, a wise guy, a clever Dick, a leery cove. You haven't to live in Arcadia long to realise how easily this type is exploited by the chawbacon.

Tabu

EVERY time we mention soya-beans in print, we find ourselves locked next day in a death-grapple with blood-crazed vegetarians, whose Sacred Vegetable it seems to be, heap big tabu, big medicine, strong magic. This impression is confirmed by a recent letter from Lord Dawson of Penn to the *Times* on vegetarian rationing, a long letter in which soya-beans were not once mentioned. Beans, yes; soya-beans, no.

Our information now is that vegetarians worship the soya-bean in their secret fertility rites, which, like the mystic rites of the Bona Dea, must not be witnessed by outsiders, who are invariably torn to pieces. Young, spotty virgins dance round it and choral odes are chanted. Incantations by the Elders follow, with heave and burnt-offerings of nut-cutlets. The veil is then



MAURICE MCLOUGHLIN

"Now do you believe in human beings?"

dropped, and the Inner or Esoteric Mysteries begin. Frazer's conjecture that ceremonial mutilation is an integral part of these inner rites is based probably on those diabolic yells. A combination of the Black Mass and the Voodoo Goat-Ritual of Haiti is probably nearer the mark. Every vegetarian wears a soya-bean round the neck as an amulet, our informant added.

Omen

NOTE that the Fleet Street boys, who at one time noisily ran the soya-bean as the Bean of a Thousand Uses, from building battleships to charming warts, now preserve a deathly silence. They've obviously been scared off, and maybe you now guess why. Bachachuch maskellei iskoub maskello phnoukentabaoth—you'll excuse our mumbling a warlock charm or two, being nervous.

Smile

JAPANESE fanaticism when fighting whites, which a military expert has emphasised, is no hot news to anybody who has seen the Japanese at golf.

Having played often at a club near London frequented by Japanese diplomats, we can attest that they were polite, clannish, and silent, their game was marked by slow, deadly, meditative concentration, and they perpetually wore that traditional fixed smile of the Samurai in Hokusai's prints, a smile worn also by high-caste Japanese in battle or under torture. It does not extend to the eyes, which have fleeting glints of concentrated, implacable menace. Even the Secretary would shiver slightly and complain now and then of a draught.

Looking round the kind, round, woozy Anglo-Saxon eyes in the club bar, we often thought sympathetically of the Russo-Japanese war of the 1900's—the last Japanese clash with whites—in terms of optics. On the one side, the jolly grey matey pre-Soviet Russian eye, popping slightly, misty with brotherly love and self-pity and sweet champagne; on the other, hate-filled eyes like diamond stilettos. No wonder (a) the genial Russian Staff had barely time to shove the girls off its knees before Port Arthur fell; and (b) the Russians, sobered by the Japanese smile, put up that magnificent show against such terrific odds in 1914-17 (as we too often forget).

Feat

AUNTIE LIFE, shuffling dustily along on her poor old hot dogs, certainly made a sporting attempt to sock Art on the

(Concluded on page 446)



"Fido has a tot of brandy for you, and I'm to cheer you up with funny stories"

The Men Who Guide the Strategy of the R.A.F.

The Chief and Vice-Chief of
the Air Staff

Photographs by Walter Stoneman



*Air Chief-Marshal Sir Charles Portal,
K.C.B., D.S.O., M.C.*

Air Chief-Marshal Sir Charles Portal, K.C.B., D.S.O., M.C., Chief of Air Staff, believes that one way to win the war is to destroy the ability of the Axis Powers to continue it. With over 1000 hours' experience as a bomber pilot in the last war, he knows the power of the bomber. "We won't win the war with fighters and we're in this war to win it," he says. General policy of the R.A.F. is in his hands, he mops the strategy, decides on targets. A hard worker, his day begins at 9 a.m. and ends any time within the next twenty-four hours. When big operations are in progress he sleeps at the Air Ministry. As Corporal Charles Portal, motor-cycle dispatch rider, No. 28082, Sir Charles was mentioned in Sir John French's first dispatch from Flanders in the last war. In 1915, he joined the Royal Flying Corps as the infant R.A.F. was then called



Air Chief-Marshal Sir Wilfrid Freeman, K.C.B., D.S.O., M.C., Vice-Chief of Air Staff, is one of Sir Charles Portal's closest friends. Nineteen years ago, Sir Wilfrid gave his first lectures as Instructor at the then newly-created R.A.F. Staff College. His most brilliant pupil was twenty-eight-years-old Charles Portal, who had flown with him in No. 60 Squadron in World War No. 1. Sir Wilfrid started his career in the Army and transferred to the Royal Flying Corps in March 1914. Of his work at the Ministry of Aircraft Production, which he left in November 1940, to join Sir Charles Portal at the Air Ministry, Lord Beaverbrook said, "More than any single man he has provided the R.A.F. with airplanes whose superiority over the enemy has been proved in battle." In August, Sir Wilfrid accompanied Mr. Churchill on his memorable trip to meet Mr. Roosevelt "somewhere in the Atlantic, off the coast of Maine." It is tragic to recall that the battleship "Prince of Wales," on board which these historic meetings took place, has been sunk off Malaya

Air Chief-Marshal Sir Wilfrid Freeman, K.C.B., D.S.O., M.C.

Standing By ...

(Continued)

snozzle in the case of that wounded pipe-major who so gallantly played a Highland regiment into action at Tobruk. Would any romantic novelist dare to give such a character the name of Rob Roy?

Even Stevenson wouldn't have, in our unfortunate view. (When Stevenson needs a good piper he brings in Robin Oig Macgregor, son of Rob Roy, to beat Alan Breck Stewart at the rants and springs. Robin Oig, a real person, was later hanged.) Any bookish boy naming a modern Highland warrior Rob Roy would be ordered with oaths by his publishers to use a more reasonable name, such as Jock McKay or Charlie Turner. A chap we know was forced thus to alter the name of his principal character, Prince Charming, a financier steeped in crime, to George Charming. You mustn't confuse the public, which is sufficiently confused, anyway.

Stevenson's way is fairly safe; safer still is the romantic novelist who makes his chief character real and historic, such as Charlemagne or Michaelangelo, and surrounds him with imaginary characters of great fascination named (say) Joad,

Gollancz, Agate, or Bradman. The public then knows where it is, so far as it ever knows where it is.

Doubt

REMEMBERING Tennyson's brief but poignant denunciation of the Bulgarian Atrocities of the 1880's (which moved Mr. Gladstone also to Jovian thunderings):

How beastly vulgar
To be a Bulgar!

—one could hardly help lifting a sceptical eyebrow at Auntie *Times's* recent assertion that under the Gestapo the restive Bulgars are experiencing a reign of terror "unparalleled in the darkest periods of Bulgaria's dramatic history."

The fact being that, although the Byzantine Emperor Basil II. ("Bulgarslayer") knocked them temporarily bowlegged, the toughest and hairiest boys in the Balkans, true to their Hun-Tartar origins, having won high marks at the old Balkan sports of ravagery and massacre for about a thousand years, off and on, and being second only to the Turks, can both dish it out and take it. Chaps who fought them in World War I. report that, like the muleteers in the song, they blow their noses on the rocks and pick their teeth with rusty spears, so hardy are those sons of witches. Bullets bounce off

their hides. We shouldn't think any sissy slaps from the Gestapo affected them much.

It may be that Auntie was thinking of the second principal Bulgar national industry, which is growing and distilling roses to make attar; a fragrant, spinstery occupation which has led Auntie no doubt into believing that the Bulgars wear grey silk gowns and knit for the poor.

Getaway

APPROPOS Tennyson, so many citizens are apt nowadays to confuse the eminent poet with his grandson, the eminent cricketer, or so a reader recently assured us, that we feel it our duty to point out that Alfred Lord Tennyson's only connection with the game, as it is often called, is the well-known song in *Maud* announcing to the eager girl that a well-known Sussex batsman has just left the pavilion, that the coast is clear, and that the speaker is waiting for her by the Members' Entrance with the dough:

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the straight bat, Knight, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here with the "gate," alone.

Just one more example of the way in which cricket is riddled with stinking graft.

Pan

THE current Van Dyck Exhibition at the Victoria and Albert, commemorating the master's career and death in London, 1641, raises once more a question very near and dear to us all. For this great Fleming, among others, is said by some art critics deliberately to have glorified the Island Dial, giving it elegance and life.

Quite admirable, this convention seems to us, from Van Dyck to De Laszlo; the important point being, not that Charles I. and Lady Hermione Gowle were by no means as exquisite as Van Dyck and De Laszlo made them, but that the Island Race must not be discouraged from breeding by being led to believe that its ancestors and social idols looked just like what it sees in its mirror, before putting on its beautiful bowler hat. The birth-rate is in a queer old state already; an authority has already prophesied that in a couple of generations or so there will be no more young in these islands. To hasten this decline by showing the depressed Race rows of familiar turnips and Edam cheeses in Cavalier costume or evening gowns by Lanvin would be folly indeed. Van Dyck and De Laszlo were therefore public benefactors.

Rebirth

INSPIRATIONAL advertising, as the publicity boys call it, has soared to such a pitch now that whenever you see a fine photograph of St. Peter's or York Minster at eventide, with a high-toned impressive piece under it beginning "Aspiration! . . ." you know at once it has something to do with Tumjoy for Sad Stomachs.

We asked a leading publicity expert the reason, and he said the ad. boys are being purified by the war. We asked if the idea was not originally American, and he said yes, the American publicity racket has already reformed itself and become something like the early hermit movement in the Egyptian Desert. Our native boys are gladly following their example, and you can (this expert swore) see them any morning at 1.30 lunching enthusiastically off dry bread, water, and raw leaves. We were very glad to hear this because we love and esteem publicity experts, and we had feared that the tremendous amateur competition they have to meet was getting them down.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Before we send these to anyone, Herbert—can you remember who sent them to us?"

Old Bill : By Bruce Bairnsfather



“Now, just some nice cheery little Christmas message for the folks at home”

Women Who Work

Wartime Activities of Four Energetic People



Mrs. Aubrey Burke

Mrs. Aubrey Burke owns, and runs very efficiently, her own factory, now working for the Ministry of Aircraft Production. She is herself an accomplished pilot, and flew all over Europe before the war. Mrs. Burke originally started her factory for making models, chiefly of aircraft, and is now turning out parts for big bombers. She is the only daughter of the late Sir Henry Norman and of the Hon. Lady Norman, and married Mr. Aubrey Burke in 1936

Lady Bruce-Gardner

Lady Bruce-Gardner is a Regional Officer of the Central Hospital Supply Service. She is seen above in the Regional and County store at the Clarendon Hotel, Oxford. She is the wife of Sir Charles Bruce-Gardner, a member of the Civil Aviation Planning Committee set up by the Air Ministry in 1939, and they now live at Oxford

Johnson, Oxford



Lady Seymour

Lady Seymour, wife of Sir Horace James Seymour, Assistant Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office, is working as a navvy at a West of England aerodrome. She volunteered for the job when a gang of women was formed to work on building and construction at airfields, and her work includes laying pipes, sweeping and trimming concrete roads and driving tractors. She earns 1s. 2½d. an hour, working from 9 a.m. to 4.30 p.m. Lady Seymour was Miss Violet Amy Erskine before her marriage in 1917, and has one son and two daughters



Hilda, Viscountess Dillon

Johnson, Oxford

Hilda, Viscountess Dillon, has organised a women's working party at her home. Barton Lodge, Steeple Aston, Oxford. They make supplies for the hospitals, and Lady Dillon was photographed at her sewing-machine, working on some of the garments. She is the widow of the eighteenth Viscount Dillon and a sister-in-law of the present peer. Her father was the late Sir John Brunner, Bt., and her first husband, Mr. Charles Harold Broadbent, died in 1905

In the Country

At the Home of the Marquess
and Marchioness of Tavistock



Lord Howland gazes out from the cottage door a little doubtfully in spite of his mother's reassuring hand

Pink Cottage is a charming fifteenth-century timbered cottage at Chalkhouse Green, which was given by the late Duke of Bedford to his grandson, the present Lord Tavistock. It is here that Henry Robin Ian, Lord Howland, has spent most of his young life. Lord Howland was born at the Ritz Hotel nearly two years ago. His mother, the former Miss Clare Bridgeman, married the Marquess of Tavistock in 1939

Photographs by
Swaebe



"Who are you?" Lord Howland's morning chat with an old friend is interrupted by the photographer



Lord Howland with his parents, the Marquess and Marchioness of Tavistock, and a number of other friends in the garden



David Niven co-stars with Howard as "Crisp," Mitchell's test pilot. Crisp is a composite character representing two or three well-known test pilots who put the products of Mitchell's brain and drawing-board to test in the air. In the Battle of Britain prologue to the picture, Crisp appears as a Wing-Commander of the R.A.F. Fighter Command. Here Crisp is seen in an American hospital after crashing in a Schneider Trophy plane. Mitchell (Leslie Howard) has come to see him, but their conversation is interrupted by Nurse Kennedy (played by Miss Leslie Howard)



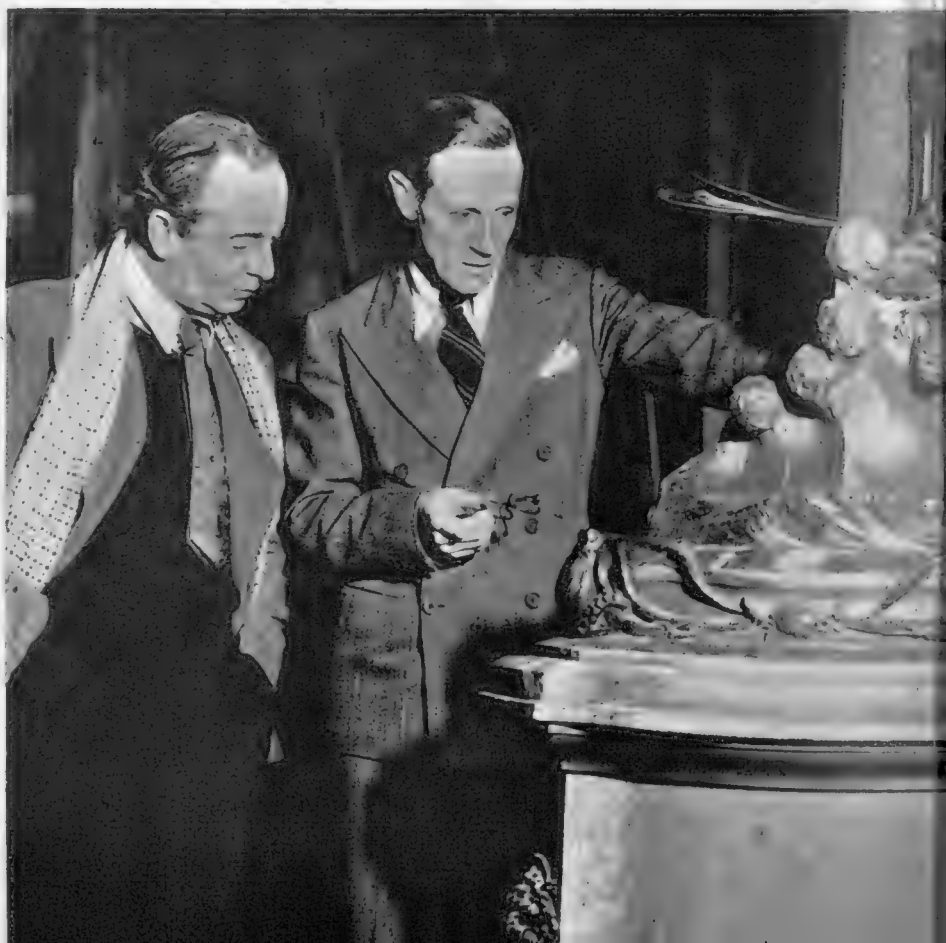
David Niven, Leslie Howard and Derek de Marney discuss the billiard-cue in a set representing the billiard-room of the Royal Aero Club. "Jefferson," a part based on the personality of a famous billiard-cue seen on the left belonged to Mitchell. It has been lent by the Royal Aero Club. It has been lent by the Motor Industries Fund and is to be auctioned to raise money for the fund.

Photographs by
Tunbridge-Sedgwick



The Two Leslie Howards—Father and Daughter

The actual Schneider Trophy, awarded to the winner of the International Contest for the design and construction of a seaplane, which was secured for Great Britain by three successive wins in 1927, 1929 and 1931. Here Leslie Howard is examining it with Adrian Brunel, film director and author, who is acting in an advisory capacity with Howard on the picture.



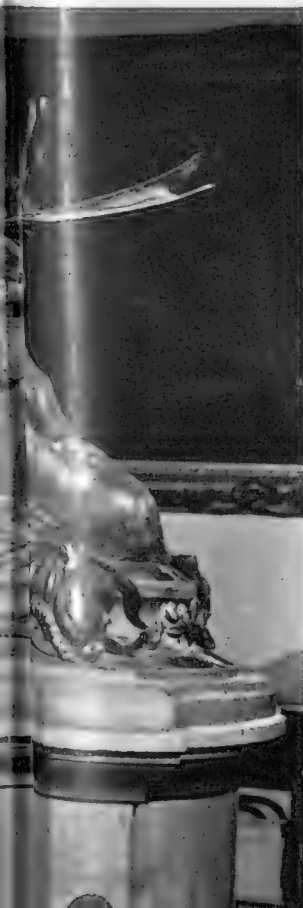
Few"

ll, the Man
is Now in
th the Two
iven



us the snooker - game sequence
en Club. De Marney plays
e Schneider team captain. The
ba given by his widow to the
ni funds to buy a Spitfire

y fast. seaworthy
ad 1931, has been
ual, the playwright,
ction of the film



An off-the-set picture of Major David Niven, of the Rifle Brigade, and his wife. Mrs. Niven was formerly Miss Prunella Rollo, daughter of Flight-Lieut. William Rollo, M.C., and Lady Kathleen Rollo, and is a niece of the Marquess of Downshire. Major Niven, who is the younger son of the late General W. G. Niven and of the late Lady Comyn-Platt, returned to England from Hollywood on the outbreak of war to rejoin his regiment. He has been given special leave to appear in this film

Leslie Howard, in his triple capacity of star, producer and director, is now filming *The First of the Few* at Denham Studios. His seventeen-year-old daughter, Leslie, plays her first part in the film. *The First of the Few* is a pictorial biography of the late R. J. Mitchell, designer of the Spitfire, the single-seater fighter which contributed so much to the R.A.F.'s great victory in the 1940 Battle of Britain. Before shooting of the film commenced, director Leslie spent weeks on location at a Fighter Station, securing, with the co-operation of the Air Ministry and Fighter Command, Battle of Britain sequences for the film

Some of Mitchell's original sketches and plans have been lent by Vickers-Armstrong, builders of the Spitfire. The famous Supermarine S.6, the Mitchell-designed seaplane which won the Schneider Trophy outright for Britain, has been re-assembled. One of Mr. Howard's greatest helpers in the reconstruction and portrayal of the great inventor's home life is Mrs. R. J. Mitchell, who from the first has taken the keenest interest in the film. Another helper is Mr. George Pickering, a former associate of Mitchell, who will be seen in the film manipulating with great skill an old amphibian "Walrus" in hair-raising dives and loops

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen



Capt. Bullock, M.P., and Mrs. Fawcus



Lady Hudson and Lord Iliffe

The Red Cross and St. John War Organisation gave a cocktail party at Claridge's to celebrate the return of Lady Louis Mountbatten from America, where she went three months ago as its delegate. Some of the guests who were at the party to welcome her home are shown on this page

Mary, Queen of Scots

MARY STUART, that most unfortunate queen, was originally the victim of calumnies. Since, she has been the victim of her own almost too strikingly picturesque appeal. It is sometimes hard to remember that she is *not* a waxwork, a key number in historical tableaux vivants or a costume inspiration for a fancy-dress ball.

Few women have not wished to get themselves up as Mary, Queen of Scots, at one or another time in their lives, and many have been happy enough to do so. Her silhouette and her pearls and her pointed cap have become a convention: her farewell to France and her execution are the two most popular moments in her life—a runner-up being the murder of Rizzio. In fact, the vitality of that once most living of women has been entombed under wax and velvet and sentimental art.

The reasons for her appeal are obvious—she seems eternally young; she was both lovely and royal; she was a passionate woman at odds with circumstance, a creature of the Renaissance, framed for Continental sunshine, but doomed to combat the rigours of Scottish disapproval and Scottish climate.

As child-wife, then girl-widow at the French court, she was the unwilling focus of many intrigues; from the moment she landed as Queen in Scotland it became almost everyone's object either to organise her or get her down. She inspired raptures and passions, some Ronsard poems, endless John Knox invectives. Morally, her reputation was doubtful—it was to many interests to keep it so. Her relations with her cousin Elizabeth brought out the shadier side of the Virgin Queen's character.

Nominally, the main figure of Miss Margaret Irwin's novel, *The Gay Galliard* (Chatto and Windus; 10s. 6d.), is that Lord Bothwell whom Mary fatally loved. But the star part remains Mary's. The love-affair, from its unpromising opening—mistrust and resentment on her side, off-handedness on his—to its tempestuous climax, is the theme, and will be the attraction of this long and carefully-balanced book.

Miss Irwin is clearly out to disinter Mary from those stale conventions and fictions of which I have complained. She has disposed of much faded nonsense about her. There are places, however, where I feel that the digging out has been almost too vigorous, where I feel that Miss Irwin has chipped from the rescued queen characteristics that *did* belong to her.

Historical Novel

It is hard not to start with a bias either towards or against the historical novel. To have old stories retold in vivid, emotional terms does do much to stir up lazy imaginations, and also to bridge the gulf between "history" and "life." On the other hand, it would seem that a novelist drawing on history must work, to some extent, under a handicap: he or she is never completely free. To interpret, rather than invent, characters seems to be more the function of the biographer—unlimited power over his characters should be the novelist's first (if only) privilege.

And, on top of this, there is the difficulty of what I should call time-colour. Great characters of the past seem not only to belong to but to be coloured by the psychological climate of their own time. It is exceedingly difficult to translate, say, the sixteenth century into modern terms without depriving it of a good deal of its atmosphere.

Miss Irwin is better at dealing in time-colour than most historical novelists living now. But I still feel she represses some aspects of the past that might be antipathetic to modern taste. Not, be it said, that she censors or underrates violence, crookedness, squalor or cruelty—these all, offset by gleams of natural beauty, play a substantial part in *The Gay Galliard*.

Her Bothwell, for instance, is as primitive, as arbitrary and as unscrupulous as Bothwell probably was, or as you could wish. But in order to show that he was in the main not bad she sometimes has to present him in modern terms. To "whitewash" characters is no longer the thing—and Miss Irwin would be too honest to do so at any time. But she does feel the novelist's obligation to make her principal characters sympathetic.

The same goes for her treatment of Mary Stuart. Miss Irwin's Mary is a creature of dew and fire, boyish in build, an immortally nymph-like queen, without sensuality, almost unwillingly stirred to her first passion by Bothwell's touch. What one would call, in terms of the theatre, an outstanding Elisabeth Bergner part.

The spirit, the head, the courage that must have been Mary Stuart's are also fairly brought out. Such a Mary goes straight, of course, to the modern heart. But I feel that to the consistency of *this* portrait other elements may have been sacrificed. What was Mary Stuart if she was not *très femme*? Was there not, also, something about her nature that was subtle, supple, sensuous, velvety and calculating in a very delicate way? In *The Gay Galliard*, she is steered so wide of the Messalina that she comes dangerously near to the Joan of Arc.

(Concluded on page 454)

The Countess of Lytton and Lady Chetwode



First the infant
mewling & puking



then the whining schoolboy
... unwillingly to school,



then the lover
... with a woeful
ballad.



then the soldier
full of strange oaths



then the Justice
in full round belly
with good capon lined.

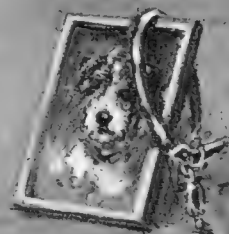
The sixth age shifts
into the slow & panting
favourite, his youthful
range a world too



wide
for
his scant
breath.



Last scene of all
a memory of a
well-loved pal.



The Seven Ages of Dog

By Clifford Ambler

With Silent Friends

(Continued)

Myself, I should find it possible to see Bothwell and Mary as, quite likely, a pair of sublime crooks, and still, through the mists of time, share their hopes and fears. If we pardon them, we must pardon without hoping ever at all fully to understand.

Local Temperament

IF Miss Irwin tends to idealise Mary Stuart, she does not idealise her surround of Scottish lords. Muttering on staircases, plotting in damp castles, collecting troops and crashing about in the night—you could not, from the dour Lord James down, imagine nastier pieces of work.

Throughout the tale runs—to the non-Scottish mind—a rather confusing network of black spleen. You would have to be very fond of Scotland to put up with much of this sort of thing, and you have to be deeply interested in Scotland to read about it with an unwearyed zest. We owe much to the clearness of Miss Irwin's narration in sorting out the lords' behaviour at all.

Lovers of Scottish history will appreciate, I feel sure, the substantial fairness of this latest portrait of John Knox. The Kirk o' the Fields mystery, with its detective interest, is ably dealt with—as is poor Rizzio's end. The most deeply moving character in the story is Mary's child-husband, the sick little Valois king; in the quality of Mary's young grief for him, Miss Irwin's pen shows a faultless touch.

Little Man

FROM the past to the present, with its unfinished story. In *Mr. Bunting at War* (Dent; 8s.), Mr. Robert Greenwood gives us a hero without one regulation heroic trait.

Mr. Bunting—stout, smallish, suburban, elderly, quietly obstinate, stolidly philosophic—is one of those “little men,” Englishmen, whom Hitler left out of his reckoning. He lives, with his wife, his two sons and his adolescent daughter Julie, at Laburnham Villa, Cumberland Avenue, Kilworth—one of those new residential areas that sprawl and send their red shoots across pleasant Essex fields. Before this, the Buntings were living in Camden Town. He travels daily to work in the City with a big hard-ware firm.

At the start of the war, staff changes have meant promotion for Mr. Bunting—but his pleasure in this has been qualified by a general feeling of gravity. This feeling his family do not at first share. Mrs. Bunting is deep in her domestic concerns; musical, highly strung Ernest still feels his future involved with that of the Eagle Laundry; Chris divides his heart and his aspirations between his garage business and “marvellous Monica,” and young Julie is wrapped in fads and romantic dreams.

Mr. Bunting is perhaps the Mr. Britling of this war; we watch him seeing it through, in its different phases, and preparing to see it through to the end. One would have called him an inelastic type—his ideas set early in life; he has worshipped security, loves landmarks, is shy of emotion, detests change. His feeling for order, propriety, is profound—one might almost call it religious.

This is the little man who is to be attacked in every feeling that goes deep—his business and home make his world, his hopes for his

children his future. Patriotism, in Mr. Bunting, has been, since the close of the last war, a dogged, slightly embarrassed and wholly inarticulate thing. But he and England are more involved than he knows. Though he does make his little jokes—which his family tolerate—at heart he is serious all the time; he lacks equally the escapes of the rich and the adaptability of the poor.

Individual

THIS Mr. Bunting is, in his way, a masterpiece, because Mr. Greenwood has not made him a type—he stands out, above all, as an individual, one of those millions of individuals of which democracy is made up. Hence one feels his resistance when he meets an ordeal. The different trials of wartime, from discomfort to tragedy, each create situations that, in the sense of inner decision, he has to meet alone. Feeling for “right” behaviour remains his one rule-of-thumb—but what is right behaviour in the fantastic crises, the alarms without precedent, of a modern war? In the issues of grief and danger one is thrown back on oneself.

Mr. Greenwood has dealt with the Bunting family—its many small comedies and its bad hours—without facetiousness or sentimentality. His book has, therefore, humour and dignity. As an annal of family life, whose normalities stand up to war conditions, it is also interesting—one might say fascinating. Ernest's wedding, Chris's departure to join the Air Force, the visits of Chris's friend Bert with his tank talk, Mr. Bunting's preoccupation with dug-out and lettuces, the mixed pleasure of having a zealous warden as next-door neighbour, the City devastations, the local raids, the birth of Ernest's son with bombs falling all round and the austere tragedy of the loss of Chris, all appear in their true scale. Here and there I wept. This is a human book, and a book for Christmas—the season in which it is

right for us to remember even those whom we do not yet know.

Two Books for the House

I FEEL a house should contain, especially in the holidays, at least one book that has something for everyone. Here are two good examples—*The Saturday Book*, 1941-42, edited by Leonard Russell (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.), and *The Countryman's Bedside Book*, by “B.B.” (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 10s. 6d.). Both books are adorned with some fine woodcuts, and are pre-war in bulk, production and general style.

The Saturday Book is an excellent miscellany, with an impressive list of contributors—among whom are Philip Guedalla, Nathaniel Gubbins, H. E. Bates, V. S. Pritchett, H. J. Massingham, James Stephens. To John Hayward we owe a first-rate critique of P. G. Wodehouse (written before the cloud came over that author's name), and to Gerard Hopkins a fine, ironic short story entitled “Lace for the Bride.” Verse, biography, wisecracks, cricket and nature notes are all represented; the standard throughout is high. The bona fide “Confession of a Murderer” begins on the plaintive note, “I did not find Miss Holland as generous as I expected.”

The Editor says in his preface that *The Saturday Book* is for those who wish to remember happier times. I think you will agree that he provides the fare we want. Drawings come from Thurber, Dali, Magritte, Lear, and some others.

The Countryman's Bedside Book is also a chronicle of pleasures—though, in this case, by a single hand. The vivid and feeling quality of B.B.'s writing is hard to give in a few lines. Wild geese, wild country and winter journeys, woods, gardens, travel, the flavours of different landscapes—here are reaches of happy sensation we shall want to explore. The illustrations have distinction and charm.

Caravan Canserie

By Richard King

I WISH someone would write a cookery-book for the present world situation and exclusively devoted to puddings—puddings in which the ingredients include neither eggs nor milk, cooking apples nor fat, jam nor sugar. It would find such a warm welcome! Both the doors in this my caravan would remain open indefinitely in case it should pass me by!

Vainly I listen to the “Kitchen Front” each morning on the radio, hoping I may hear the solution of this my daily problem. But every day I am fobbed off with sandwiches or how to nurture a baby! It is very perplexing. A horrible vista of plain boiled rice stretches far away into the horizon. I see in my mind's eye a revolting duration of more or less plumless dough!

I hope my morale still remains commendable, but, I must confess, it sinks rather low about Thursday in each week when I have finished practically all my weekly ration, my Pink Card offers no comfort until next month, the butcher never seems to have heard of offal, and I am left, after a great deal of whispering, winking and gentle persuasion, with a pound of sausages against which a pre-war sausage would surely bring an action for libel! So I join the army of grouchers, have a good grumble, feel better for it, and decide, as we all do at last, that taking all into consideration, we are not doing so badly after all!

Philosophy returns to us—as, incidentally, it so often does after a really good grouse. Like the joy of making up after a lovers' quarrel, it sometimes does us a lot of spiritual good to pick a few bones with life. It is only, so to speak, after we have got a little tired of sitting about all huffed up that we begin to see the more blessed aspect of our daily round. It might so easily be worse!

Just as we only see the better side of people, whom we really love, clearer after we have had a few words with them and made it up, so after a really good general grumble we begin to realise that if you are not actually hungry, if you have a comfortable bed, if you have books and can listen to music, if the pictures on your walls are the kind which you can look at again and again, if the countryside is full of peace and beauty, if you have a job of useful work to do and there is someone, among all the human hordes of this world, to love—then, whatever else you have to go without, whatever else you may have to deny yourself or repress, the dawning day has, at any rate, an objective, and where there is an objective there is never boredom.

It may not be anything like our heart's full desire—only the very young expect to attain that—but so long as the heart has any desire at all, something beautiful lies ahead. For, after all, it is the going, not the getting there, wherein lies the enthralling adventure of life.

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review
of Weddings and Engagements



Pearl Freeman

Kathleen Maud Davy

Kathleen Maud Davy, daughter of the late C. H. Davy and Mrs. Davy, of Sloughton, Chichester (late of Guernsey), is engaged to Major Richard Lawrence Henson, K.O.S.B., son of Commander H.G. Henson, R.N., and Mrs. Henson, of Oakerland House, Hexham



Addis—Dearmer

Sub-Lieut. Richard Graham Addis, R.N.V.R., youngest son of Sir Charles and Lady Addis, was married to Gillian Dearmer, A.T.S., at Westminster Abbey. She is the elder daughter of the late Dr. Percy Dearmer, Canon of Westminster, and of Mrs. Dearmer, of 48, Jubilee Place, S.W.



Bertram Park

Elizabeth Greville Bell

Elizabeth Greville Bell is engaged to Captain William Stuart Beatson Gunn, R.A., second son of Mr. and Mrs. Sommerville Gunn, of Henbury House, Henbury, Gloucestershire. She is the daughter of the late W. E. Greville Bell and Mrs. Greville Bell, of Stubbington, Romsey



Hawker—Houston-Boswall

Captain Antony Hawker, R.A., younger son of Major and Mrs. Hawker, of Pepper Hall, Wivelsfield Green, Sussex, was married to Elizabeth Flora Houston-Boswall, youngest daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Houston-Boswall, of Middle Brow, East Dean, Eastbourne, Sussex, at East Dean Church



Pearl Freeman

Mrs. H. A. F. Creadson

Edith Mary Churton, daughter of the late Archdeacon Churton and Mrs. Theodore Churton, of the Malt House, Cuddington, Aylesbury, was married quietly in London to Col. Henry Alastair Fergusson Creadson, T.D., T.A.



Douglas—Mewburn

Lieut. Ewen Walter Douglas, R.N., younger son of the late Colonel W. B. Douglas and Mrs. Douglas, of Creek Cottage, Bourne End, Bucks., was married to Veronica Mewburn, at St. James's Church, Spanish Place. She is the twin daughter of Mrs. Gray Mewburn, of Riverside, Heytesbury, Wills., formerly of Toronto, Canada (Concluded on page 458)

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Noel

IT is possible that some people think that this season of 1941 will be better described by the last two letters, and he would be a bold man who would say the nights are "wholesome" and that no (evil) spirit dares stir abroad. The time is *not* "gracious," and we cannot be too certain that "no witch hath power to charm," or wicked fairy get up to any of those monkey-tricks with which that particular brand of sprite is usually connected. Sir Guy Le Scroope of Bolton Hall, not even upon the occasion when he said "The Devil may eat up the dinner for me!" (his guests, you may recall, had all let him down), never had quite so many foul fiends turned loose upon him as we have swarming around us to-day.

There's Nick himself, Morbleu (the French devil), Demigorgon, Lucifer, Setebos of Patagonia, Mammon, Belial, Mephistopheles, Ap Morgan of Tredegar, and Madame Astarte, her girl friend Hecate, and a whole lot more. These all fell upon The Scroope; but—and let us mark this well—they were all just amateurs compared to the modern practitioners who have broken their chains and managed to climb up from the Nether Malboge.

Nevertheless, to the Devil with the whole boiling of them and **A Merry Christmas** to us all and everyone in spite of them!

The Old and the New Order

WE may have by now forgotten the old kind, so beautifully portrayed for us by Caldecott, Cecil Aldin and others, when everything was plump turkeys, plum pudding, pink faces, pink coats, and hounds hunting their fox in deep snow; but I doubt whether even the ultra-modernist ever, in his wildest imaginings, visualised the kind of Christmas which a completely Pagan power has thrust upon us.

There are no entirely reliable records of what Odin and Thor, his blacksmith and most ferocious son, did at this particular season, which was also one of festival with the gods of Valhalla, but presumably it was something unpleasant, very rugged and brutal. It may not be profitable to speculate upon the manner in which the present-day devotees of Odin are celebrating the festive season, but if they run true to form, they should be making merry in a round of visits to the concentration-camps, and quite possibly may be witnessing something in the way of a gymkhana of new tortures devised for the inmates.

The patrons of these establishments may have been a bit put to it to think up a few new and excruciatingly entertaining events, but I have not the least doubt that they have risen ignobly to the occasion. With Herren Himmler and Heydrich to spur them on, I am sure that they must have surpassed even themselves. And in face of all that we know, we are so stupid as to continue in our belief that this is merely a war against an individual. The sooner that we discard such a fallacy and recognise this war for what it in fact is, the sooner shall we get to the winning-post. Unless we do this we cannot win as we must do if we are to ensure its not being "continued in our next." Paper is short, as we all know, but it might be a saving in the end if some placards were printed bearing the legend: "We are not fighting only one man!"

From Devils to Fairies

IN spite of what some people say about them, fairies are not all bad. Even leprechauns are capable of acting like good Boy Scouts and doing their good deed. And as it is the time of year when ghost stories are allowed to come into their own, here is one told by a simple Irish policeman all



D. R. Stuart

Lt. Furlong and His C.O.

Lieut. Frank Furlong is now in the Fleet Air Arm, and was photographed with his C.O., Lieut.-Com. H. J. F. Lane, R.N. Frank Furlong rode Reynoldstown to victory in the 1935 Grand National, and the same horse won the race again at Aintree in 1936

about a queer animal (a leprechaun in disguise, very probably) who helped to arrange a decent burial.

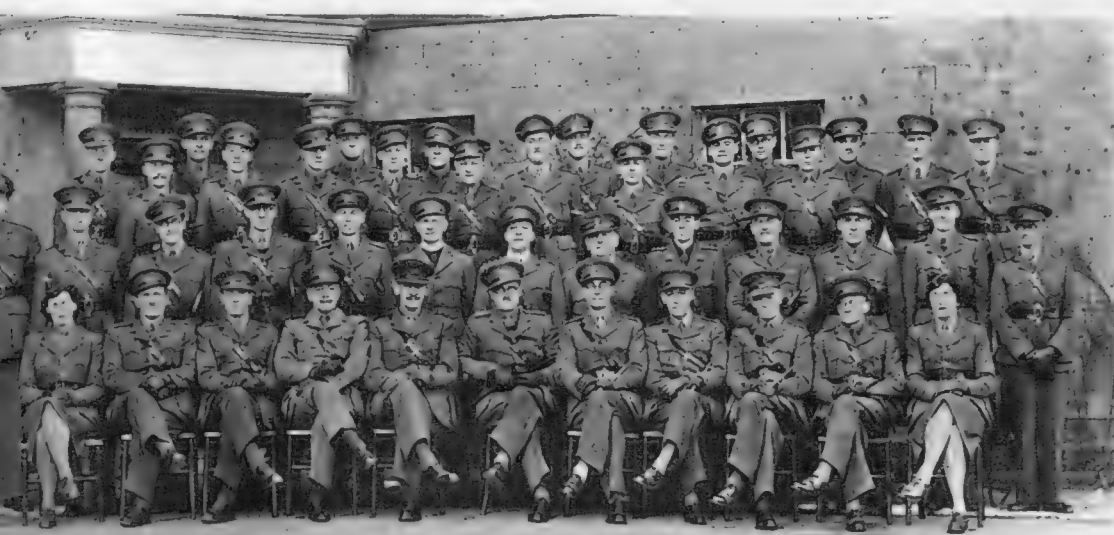
My grandfather [says the policeman], whom I remember well, was the youngest of three brothers. When he was a child, there was a great scarcity of food, and people were dying everywhere of hunger and fever [the famine of 1848-49]. One evening in spring, my grandfather was in bed, and his two brothers came into the house talking of a queer animal they had seen on a wall about half a mile away. It wasn't like anything they had ever seen before, and they hadn't liked the looks of it very much, but they were curious about it—and so was my grandfather, who wanted to see it too, and didn't think it could hurt him when the other brothers were there. So the following night they all went out and came to a stone wall at the bottom of the long hill in the townland of Annagher—just the other side of Stuart Hall, as you know. Well now, when they got there, there it was! It was something like a wild cat, only bigger, with large, staring eyes, and it was walking up and down the top of the wall, and every now and then it would let out a screech that made my grandfather's heart stand still!

All the same, it didn't want to injure any of them—they felt that—and every now and then it made to get off the wall and go up the meadow behind, and then it would look back at them and get on the wall again.

"It wants us to follow it," said my grandfather's brother; "and maybe if we don't follow it, it will follow us." So the next time it got off the wall and up the meadow, the three wee boys went behind it, and it went up the meadow looking behind now and again; and at the top of the meadow there was a small little house, and when it got near there, suddenly it turned into a wisp of smoke and went away up in the air. Then they all felt very frightened and ran home as fast as they could, and weren't happy till they were all in bed together. But they told their father, and next day he and some men went to the little small house; and they couldn't get in. So they broke down the door, and there were five people inside; and they all dead and black on the floor!

The Little Men

IRELAND does not enjoy any monopoly where a strong belief in the "little men" is concerned. Scotland has got some they



Headquarters of a Training Battalion (D) R.A.S.C. Somewhere in England

Front row: 2-Sub. R. D. Allerton, A.T.S., Majors A. C. R. Welsh, M.C., R. H. Dickinson, T. A. Herd, J. W. Scott (Second in Command), the Commanding Officer, Capt. A. W. Schuster (Adjutant), Majors O. K. Beattie, C. F. Newton, F. Kirkman, Junior Commander G. Baker, A.T.S. Second row: Sec.-Lieut. F. B. Raby-Cox, Lieut. D. A. G. Crawford, Capt. R. E. H. Shedden (A.D.C.), C. J. Fry, C. A. F. Fuller-Shapcott, Rev. L. Ashcroft, Capt. D. J. A. Alban-Jones, R.A.M.C., E. F. Morgan, E. B. Ratsey, A.C.C., N. V. Mannings, J. B. L. Savery, K. Rispin (A.D.C.), I. Morgan, (A.D.C.). Third row: Sec.-Lieuts. D. L. L. Thomas, C. E. Jerrard, M. C. Arnold, Lieut. P. McConnachie (A.D.C.), Sec.-Lieuts. R. H. Hunt, E. L. B. Hawkin, C. J. Wetherall, C. R. Eaton, Lieut. P. J. Clegg. Back row: Sec.-Lieut. S. Elliott, Lieuts. J. B. Stratton, N. J. Gandy, R. A. Mitton, Sec.-Lieuts. D. J. Clark, C. L. Bowley, Lieut. G. M. Simmons (R.A.M.C.), Sec.-Lieuts. P. N. Waugh, W. F. Masters, E. J. Croome



Five British Prisoners of War in Germany

In this photograph are five British officers at a prisoner-of-war camp in Germany. They are *Ft.-Lieut. "Snowy" Milne*, *Lieut. Filmer*, *Ft.-Lieut. F. Harvey Vivian*, *Captain Dick Partridge, R.M.*, and *Lieut.-Com. John Casson*. *Ft.-Lieut. Vivian married Miss Peggie Scriven*, the tennis player, a year ago, and was taken prisoner only a week later. *Lieut.-Com. Casson is Dame Sybil Thorndike's son*



The C.-in-C., Western Approaches, and His Staff

Admiral Sir Percy Noble, K.C.B., C.V.O., was appointed Commander-in-Chief, Western Approaches, last March. In the picture with him are some of his staff officers. In front: *Eng. Rear-Admiral H. W. Wildish (Eng. Admiral on Staff)*, *Commodore J. M. Mansfield (Chief of Staff)*, *Admiral Sir Percy Noble*, *Air Vice-Marshal J. M. Robb (R.A.F.)*. Behind: *Captain H. N. Lake (Deputy Captain)*, *Paymaster Captain W. McBride (Secretary to C.-in-C.)*

call broachaillaeans. I am given the spelling by a distinguished Hielan' man of the Clan Crawford, so, if it is wrong, on his head be it. Challaingean is, I am assured, the masculine of the Irish word "colleen," which just means a little girl, but not necessarily a fairy. I have never had the luck to meet any of these Scottish "little men," but I know two Scotsmen, who are on more or less intimate terms with them, one the Crawford just mentioned, and the other a man who hunts, or hunted, with the Buccleuch, and has a nice bit of fishing on the Tweed.

I happened to be in those parts tempting fate and the undertaker, hunting with that

fine pack of hounds over that grand country. My friend with the fishing mentioned these broachaillaeans quite as a matter of course, and said that there were numbers of them in his woods, which stretched down to the river. Being a guest, I naturally could not say what I thought; besides, in that uncanny Border region, with Thomas the Rhymer still living in sin with the Faerie Queen in the Eildon Hills, Michael Scotta and his pet devil lurking about, and the old Border battles being re-enacted on their several anniversaries—what can one do? I even met a man who said he had seen the Maid of Lilliar, the heroine of the Battle of Ancrum, who, "when her legs were cutt

off, still fought upon her stoomps." So why buckle at a little brown man or two after all that? Besides, they are just as bad down in Warwickshire. I have heard in Kineton, where, incidentally, the kennels are, that every October 23rd you can hear the thud of Rupert's charging squadrons at Edgehill, and the ring of the sword-blades on the head-pieces. They have even gone one better, and said that the hounds get quite excited long before any human heard anything. The deaders lie thick in the Edgehill covert, but even the fox-hunting little Admiral, who lives in Kineton, has never managed to induce any of them to come up and have a yarn!



Cheltenham Beaten by Rugby on Their Home Ground

The Cheltenham XV., playing against Rugby at Cheltenham recently, were beaten by 13 points to 22 in a fast and exciting match. The Cheltenham team, seen above, had previously defeated Felsted, King's College and an R.A.F. XV., and lost to Clifton and Stowe. Back row: *R. M. Browning*, *D. St. J. Atkinson*, *J. W. T. Tapp*, *T. L. Fletcher*, *J. G. N. Strong*, *G. J. S. Burnett*. Front row: *C. P. de B. Jenkins*, *R. H. Bateman*, *B. Moxon*, *D. A. T. F. Swiney (captain)*, *H. S. Proudlock*, *I. G. L. I. Phillips*, *A. B. J. S. Rubinstein*; (on the ground) *G. R. Douglas*, *F. W. Tyndale*

Rugby and Cheltenham are the two oldest Rugby-playing schools. The game was introduced to Cheltenham from Rugby in 1844 by the three Acton brothers, who had previously been at Rugby School. The Rugby XV., who beat Cheltenham, are: (back row) *I. R. Suter*, *T. Meagenn*, *M. Vickers*, *B. C. F. Bramwell*, *R. H. White*, *M. G. Power*; (sitting) *H. N. F. Sandford*, *J. C. Wardill*, *J. A. Boyes*, *M. J. Hussey (captain)*, *M. J. Kerry*, *S. W. Pitt*, *E. F. Babst*; (on the ground) *G. W. Myrddin Evans*, *C. R. Hartley*

Getting Married (Continued)



Allen — Steedman

Thomas H. Allen, Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, son of Mr. and Mrs. Allen, of Dauphin, Manitoba, Canada, was married to Marion Steedman, W.R.N.S., at St. Saviour's, Knightsbridge. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alec H. Steedman, of 25, Arden Street, Stratford-on-Avon



Kingsbury — James

Arthur Kingsbury, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Kingsbury, formerly of Chewton Mendip House, near Bath, was married to Philippa Margaret James. She is the youngest daughter of the late Colonel Bernard James, and of the Hon. Mrs. James, of Fingest Grove, near High Wycombe



Mrs. J. R. Traill

Greta Noel Lindley, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Lindley, of Proston, Queensland, Australia, was married in November to Pilot-Officer James Robert Traill, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. John Traill, of 71, Rochampton Lane, S.W.



Copley — Brown

Peter Francis Gabain Copley, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. John Copley, of 10, Hampstead Square, N.W., and Pamela Mary Brown, were married quietly at St. Mary's, Holly Place, London. She is the younger daughter of the late Mr. George E. Brown and Mrs. Brown, of 39, Kensington High Street, W.



Wieck — Parr

Roy Edward Wieck, Royal Fusiliers, son of the late Paul and Mrs. J. Wieck, and Margaret Irene Parr, only daughter of the Rev. W. R. Parr and the late Mrs. Parr, of Norton, Kent, were married quietly in London



Allen — White

Wing-Commander Robert Swinton Allen, D.S.O., D.F.C., only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Frederick C. Allen, of Manchester, was married at St. Peter's Church, Woodhall Spa, to Mrs. Reay Eugenie White, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. C. Mackay, of Romallion, Newlands, Glasgow



Brendon — Hornby

Captain D. L. Brendon, the Dorsetshire Regiment, second son of Commander and Mrs. Brendon, of Sherborne, Dorset, was married to Irene Mary Hornby, at Gressingham Church. She is the younger daughter of the Rev. William and Mrs. Hornby, of Gressingham Vicarage, Hornby, Lancs.



Waters — Bragg

Dr. Kenneth Terence Waters, son of Mr. and Mrs. Waters, of Olton, Warwickshire, and Muriel Beatrice Bragg, were married at Solihull Parish Church. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bragg, of Solihull

THE NUFFIELD ORGANIZATION

Charter [★]

THE TRUE TEST *of* LEADERSHIP

THE Atlantic Charter declared the determination of the English-speaking peoples to organize the resources of the world so that all may live in peace and plenty.

In spirit and text it displayed the true spirit of leadership.

Industry, too, has its responsibilities.

The motorist, for example, is entitled to look to an institution of the influence and resources of The Nuffield

Organization to safeguard his interests and to translate his aspirations for the future in terms of better cars and a wider conception of "motoring."

That he does so instinctively is a measure of the confidence in its ability and integrity this vast Organization enjoys in the judgment of the motoring community of this country.

★ The Nuffield Organization's Charter is the unbounded confidence of the Public in its ability, enterprise and integrity. A Nuffield Organization car is, and always will be, a product of the foremost engineering, scientific and technical skill in the country, and of a policy which studies the public interest with intelligence and insight.

MORRIS MOTORS LTD.
THE M.G. CAR CO. LTD. • RILEY (Coventry) LTD.
MORRIS INDUSTRIES EXPORTS LTD.



WOLSELEY MOTORS LTD.
MORRIS COMMERCIAL CARS LTD.
S.U. CARBURETTOR CO. LTD. • MECHANIZATIONS & AERO LTD.

Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

Past and Future

IT becomes more and more difficult to recall to mind the days when aviation was an affair of sport and entertainment and commerce. In Britain and in the United States flying was fun.

And people like myself who wrote and spoke about aviation extolled it and cast ridicule on those who disliked it. Flying did seem a delightful business. To-day it is no longer a delightful business, for nearly all aviation is military.

Instead of hazarding hopping round the aerodrome behind pop-bottle engines; instead of the alternation of flips with nips in the club bar; instead of paying friends with suitable country houses uncertain and unpunctual visits by air, pilots here and everywhere devote themselves to grim duties.

But sometimes those of us who have spent a great many years in aviation feel that the aeronautical present is a nightmare from which the world must soon awaken. And it is to be hoped that by then we shall not have entirely forgotten the attractions of low-power flying.

Hands and Feet

IT is exhilarating to be lugged upwards by 1500 horse-power odd; but there is more satisfaction in keeping a low-powered aeroplane in the air by dexterity and judgment. In that case it is the delicacy of touch that enables altitude to be acquired; it is the "hands" that give the aircraft feet.

Obviously we do not want the under-powered aeroplane for civil air lines and the carriage of mails. And in these two activities much of the knowledge acquired by war flying will be of value.

But as there is, and, it is to be hoped, always will be, a special pleasure to be obtained from the manipulation of small, low-powered watercraft, so there should always be a special pleasure to be obtained from the manipulation of small, low-powered aircraft.

It is flying for the sake of flying and not for the sake of getting anywhere or carrying anything. If the small-craft yachtsman can find satisfaction, so should the small-craft air-pilot.

For that reason, even during the midst of the most appalling turmoils of war, I still look with interest at small aeroplanes. Until the United States was attacked by Japan, there used to come from that country news of interesting small-aeroplane developments.

Rudder or Not

ONE of the developments which looked like making headway was in the direction of the suppression of the rudder-bar. It has always been argued that, if an aeroplane could be flown with a stick alone—or a wheel on top of a stick—it would be vastly easier for pupils to learn to fly and a great deal safer for the amateur pilot, who cannot be expected to be in particularly good practice all the time.

Doing away with the rudder-bar is a difficult problem if the pilot is still to be given full powers of control over the aircraft. Aeroplanes can never be "steered" like cars (as so many thoughtless people demand), because of the extra dimension in which they move.

But with the tricycle undercarriage, and with a carefully limited measure of control, it seems possible that the abolition of the rudder-bar for certain simpler, lighter types of aircraft might be feasible.

Cockpit Crusade

AIRCRAFT designers allow their artistic temperament to appear in their cockpit lay-outs. Soberly engineer-like in all other respects, they develop a flourishing decorativeness when they come to arranging the taps and levers.

It seems that we are still receiving in this country aircraft originally built for the French with throttle levers which open backwards. And a horrific account was given me the other day by a Royal Air Force pilot who flew an aircraft with an immense knob, projecting from the dash, which it was necessary to pull out in order to open the throttle.

Not even the complicated keyboard of one of those vast cinema wind-engines can compare in variety and unexpectedness with the cockpits with which our pilots now have to cope. After all, the arrangement of the notes and stops and pedals in these organs is widely standardised and there is little chance of Mr. Reginald MacForte, opening one of his tremendous recitals, finding suddenly that in order to run up the scale he has to work along the keyboard from right to left.

Cockpits and all their gadgetry must be restrained in their individualist inspirations. If we are not careful we shall soon be finding flower vases stuck in the middle of the instrument panel, like they have in some taxi-cabs.

Let me therefore repeat my plea of one plan for all. Let our aircraft cockpits sacrifice their



Bassano

New Director of Civil Aviation

Mr. W. P. Hildred has succeeded Sir Francis Sheldermine as Director of Civil Aviation at the Air Ministry. Mr. Hildred, who during the last war served with the 1st York and Lancaster Regiment, came from the Treasury to be Sir Francis Sheldermine's deputy at the Air Ministry three or four years ago. He has recently returned to this country from a tour of inspection in Canada and the U.S.A.

individuality and eccentricity for a duller but more efficient and simpler standard arrangement of all instruments and controls. Such standardisation would be the friend of all pilots.

Tank-Busting

NEWS of the continued effectiveness of the Soviet Air Force against the Germans was coming through at the same time as the news of the early Japanese activities in the Pacific. The Soviet Air Force has done well from the start, and in nothing more markedly than in its use of low-level attacks against enemy tanks and transport vehicles.

The whole problem of the low-level attack on a thing like a tank, or even a small ship, is that of accuracy. This I have pointed out on many occasions. It is the mainspring of my suggestion, repeated at intervals over a period of more than fifteen years, for the big-gun aeroplane—the aerial artillery or machine carrying one gun of as large a size as it can take.

The rate of fire would be very low. The shell would have the well-known disadvantage in relation to the bomb of a much smaller ratio of explosive charge to total weight. But these things are counterbalanced by the greater accuracy.

The Soviet airmen saw and applied the logic of this reasoning, and it was to a large extent due to the effective aid they were able to give the ground forces that the German drive was held, and that eventually the Russians began to drive the Germans back. It was a fine feat of air technique, air leadership and air-piloting skill.

Bomber Command Chief and a Senior Officer

Air Marshal Sir Richard Peirse, K.C.B., D.S.O., A.F.C., is discussing plans with his senior administrative officer. Sir Richard was appointed Chief of Bomber Command in October. His father, Admiral Sir Richard Peirse, died in July, a few hours before a knighthood was conferred on his son in the Birthday Honours.



New Canadian Air Chief in London

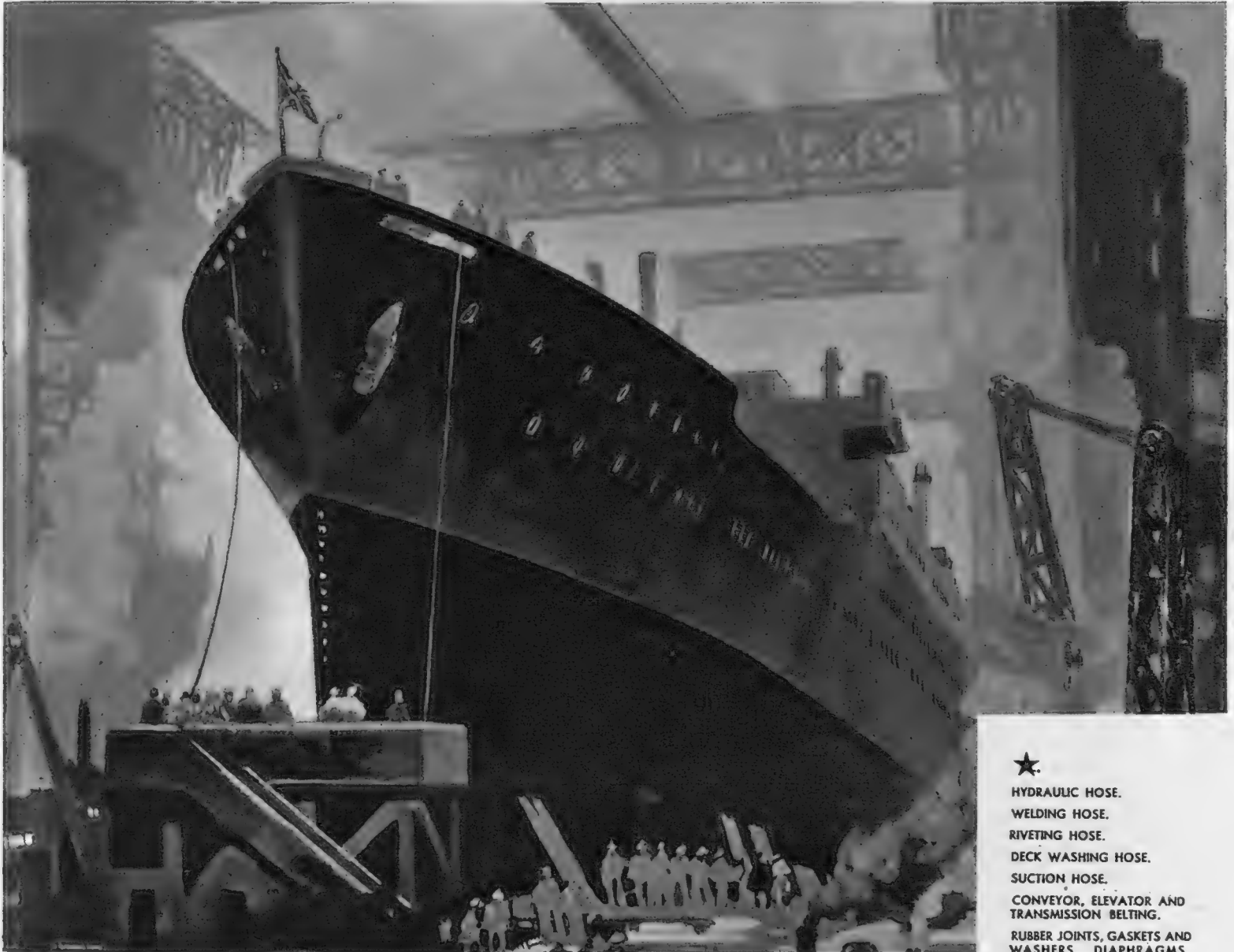
Air Vice-Marshal Harold Edwards, who is known as "Gus" Edwards to his friends, has arrived in London from Ottawa to become Air Officer Commanding the Royal Canadian Air Force in Britain. He succeeds Air Commodore L. F. Stevenson. Air Vice-Marshal Edwards, Lancashire-born, joined the Royal Canadian Navy at the outbreak of the last war and later transferred to the Royal Naval Air Service.



DUNLOP SERVICE TO THE COUNTRY AND INDUSTRY

DUNLOP SERVES *Shipbuilding*

Right throughout the building of a ship from erecting the steel structure to the furnishing of the most luxurious stateroom, the products of Dunlop are needed for engineering efficiency and bodily comfort. The secret of knowing how best to make rubber serve such a variety of needs lies in the Dunlop policy of specialisation, of employing experts and separate factories for each class of manufacture and of having the knowledge and resources to devote adequate attention to each and every separate problem.



HYDRAULIC HOSE.

WELDING HOSE.

RIVETING HOSE.

DECK WASHING HOSE.

SUCTION HOSE.

CONVEYOR, ELEVATOR AND TRANSMISSION BELTING.

RUBBER JOINTS, GASKETS AND WASHERS, DIAPHRAGMS, VALVES, INSERTION, SHEET, RINGS, STRIP, PACKINGS, HINGING AND GUNWALE COVERING.

EBONITE LINED PIPES.

EBONITE PISTON RINGS.

ACCUMULATOR BOXES.

RUBBER FLOORS, MATS AND MATTING, TABLETOPS.

DUNLOPILLO MATTRESSES, UPHOLSTERY.

WATER LUBRICATED BEARINGS. DIESEL ENGINE EXHAUST HOSE.

LIFEBELTS.

RUBBER BOOTS.

DUNLOP

IS WORLD WIDE IN ITS ACTIVITIES AND SERVICE

★ DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY LIMITED

TYRES, WHEELS, RIMS AND ACCESSORIES

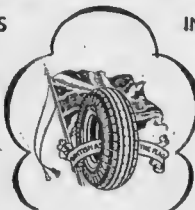
INDUSTRIAL AND DOMESTIC RUBBER PRODUCTS

RAINWEAR AND SPORTSWEAR

DUNLOPILLO CUSHIONING

FOOTWEAR

SPORTS GOODS



It is pleasant to record the success of the jersey and viva cloth suits in the salons of Peter Robinson, Oxford Street. A fetish is made of detail, and on the right is a jumper suit of viva cloth, its charm being increased by panels of stitching, a cluster of felt flowers (so practical) appearing at the base of the neck. It will be noticed that panels of pleats decorate the skirt, and a sliding fastening completes the scheme. Another point of interest is that in this department (the Knitwear) a feature is made of all-day suits, which can, of course, be varied by accessories



Jersey cloth has been used by Peter Robinson for the "odd" coat above on the left. There is a tremendous vogue for these, as they may appropriately be worn on many occasions. In this instance it is seen in alliance with a plain skirt and is a study in the new chestnut and navy colourings. The long sleeves are arranged with link fastenings, hence they can be easily turned back. There are many versions of coats of this character, all in cheerful colourings. There are also pullovers, twin sets and cardigans in wool and kindred yarns, all of which are delightfully warm



It seems as though Bradleys (Chepstow Place) in their Coat Department have given winter a miss and are thinking of the spring, although naturally they have a collection of fur-trimmed coats of a non-committal character. An interesting model is of Harris tweed, enriched with dyed Indian lamb and lined with crêpe de Chine. Reverting to the spring, there is the model shown below on the right, which is of the old-world highwayman character and is carried out in Scotch tweed. The single pocket strikes a new note and so does the silhouette, which is slightly waisted

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

by M. E. BROOKE



For Women In Uniform...

There is a definable expression of comfort and smartness in Burberry tailored equipment for W.A.A.F. officers. They indicate a consistency of craftsmanship, individuality of exactness, a product of durability—with complete healthful freedom of action in all weathers.



Full Details
Send for full particulars and prices—and please mention the Service in which you are interested.
Telephone: WHItchall 3343
Telegrams: Burberry, Lesquare, London

Burberry A.T.S. Weatherproofs Greatcoats and Uniforms. In best quality materials, skilfully tailored, they are the embodiment of martial clothes perfection and weather security in any climate.

BURBERRYS
LTD.
HAYMARKET
LONDON SW1

Branches at
ALDERSHOT
BASINGSTOKE
SHRIVENHAM
LLANDRINDOD WELLS



Please send me my copy

I want to know more about life in the A.T.S., and full particulars about each job. Please send me this new free book.

Mrs./Miss.....

Address.....

Age.....(in confidence)

Address it to The Auxiliary Territorial Service, AG18/109VV., The War Office, London, S.W.1.

This does not commit me in any way.

Unsealed envelope, penny stamp.....

THIS BOOK was written by a woman for women and gives the answer to all a woman's practical problems about life in the A.T.S.

This new book answers every question you can think of. It tells you just why the A.T.S. need you, how they help the Army, and why they are so important to the country. It tells you exactly what the life is like. Read it yourself and show it to your parents.

Send for it now before you mislay this coupon.

The Army is one man short
until you join the

ATS

Bubble and Squeak

Stories from Everywhere

THE managing director caught sight of the map hanging on the office wall. Little flags were pinned on it, showing the positions of the company's salesmen at the moment. The flags were clustered round the Metropolis, as the company operated only in the Home Counties.

The managing director's eye was attracted by a lone flag stuck into the south-west corner of the map.

"Look here," he barked, "what's this man doing down there?"

"Oh, sir," the typist replied, "he's the one in Dartmoor."

THE old countryman sent his young son to the village for an ounce of tobacco, giving him sixpence.

The boy didn't come back. Years passed—and more years. And still the father waited.

Then one day a large and very luxurious motor car pulled up outside the humble cottage, and out stepped a large and prosperous-looking man.

"Well, dad," he boomed, "I went to America, worked hard, and here I am, a millionaire now."

"Maybe," retorted the old man, curtly, "but where's my baccy?"

The son produced a packet from his pocket.

"Here it is, dad," he said, "but it's dearer now. You owe me fourpence-halfpenny."

THE case was one of assault. The magistrate eyed the prisoner sternly.

"You maintain that you threw your wife out of the second-storey window through forgetfulness?" he asked.

"That's right, your worship," returned the prisoner, "we used to live on the ground floor, and I forgot we'd moved up."

IN one of the rural courts in the States, a coloured man stood before the judges. He was charged with stealing a neighbour's chicken.

"Rastus Danning," said the judge, "you are accused of stealing a chicken from Farmer Singer's house last Saturday. How do you plead?"

"Not guilty," returned the coloured man, promptly. "Ah never even seen dat chicken."

"H'm," mused the judge. "Do you intend to stick to that story?"

Rastus drew himself up.

"Ah sure does, suh," he replied. "Ain't Ah stuck to it fo' de past fifteen years?"

THE ardent reformer used his most persuasive line of talk in an effort to make a new man of the down-and-out tramp.

"Take a look at yourself, my man," he urged the tramp. "You've already wasted some of the best years of your life. You've slept in jails and under hedges. You've drifted around the country, broke, cold, hungry, ragged."

"But where is it all getting you? Why don't you settle down and find yourself a job?"

The tramp drew himself erect.

"Find a job for what?" he sneered. "To support a bloke like me?"

STRIVING to point out to one of his flock, a hoary old reprobate, the error of his ways, the vicar said:

"You know that a man is known by the company he keeps?"

"Is that so?" was the unrepentant reply. "What I'd like to know is if a good man, like me, for instance, keeps company with a bad man, is the good man bad or the bad man good?"



Vivienne

Olga Edwards Entertains the Troops

Olga Edwards is playing in Noel Coward's "Hay Fever," now on tour with Garrison Theatre. Formerly a B.B.C. television hostess, she had her first big stage part in "Peril at End House" at the Vaudeville in 1940, and this spring she played Hero in "Much Ado About Nothing" at Stratford-on-Avon. In private life she is the wife of Pilot Officer Anthony Baerlein, son of E. M. Baerlein, the lawn tennis and racquets champion. P.O. Baerlein, who is a godson of Mr. James Agate, is a cricketer, and played in the Eton XI at Lords. He was at one time a feature writer on the "Daily Express."

(Concluded on page 466)

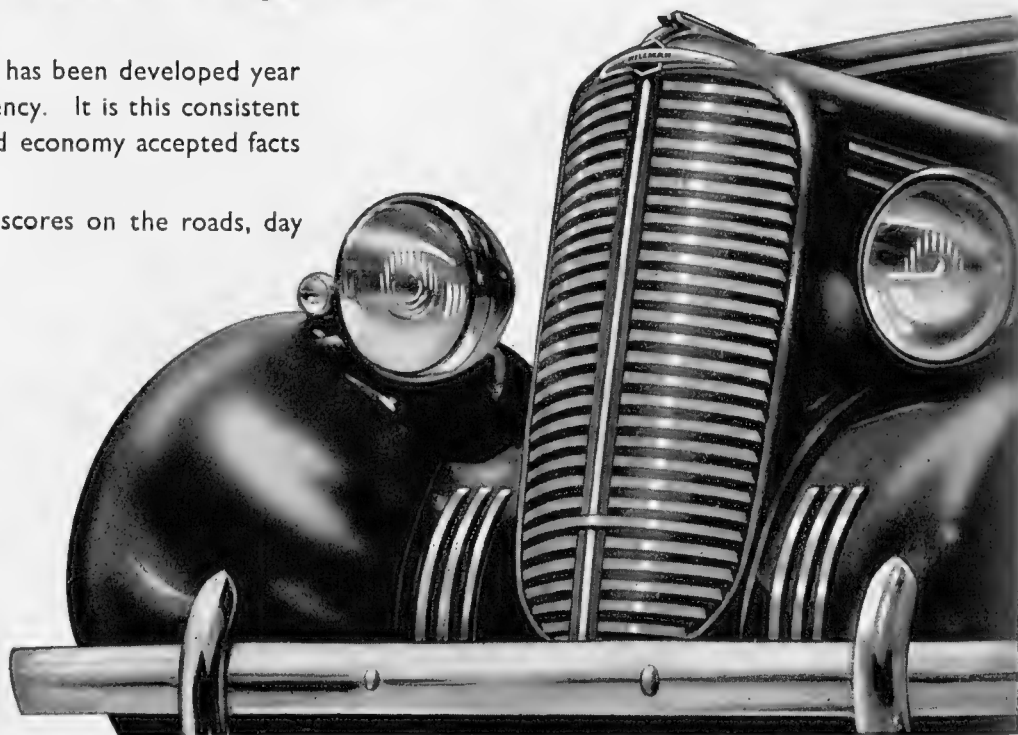
THE HILLMAN MINX

The World's most Successful Light Car

First produced in 1932, the Hillman Minx has been developed year by year, to ever higher standards of efficiency. It is this consistent progress which has made its reliability and economy accepted facts all over the world.

Even the earliest models can be seen in scores on the roads, day in, day out, still giving faithful service.

The Minx is still in the service of its country, gaining new experience which will assist its future development.



THE HILLMAN MOTOR CAR CO. LTD., COVENTRY



When we welcome them back again...

... all the good things of the first post-war Christmas—when shops blaze with light and burst with hosts of dainties. For you ... will it be a time of gladness and rejoicing? ... Or will your joy be marred by a conscience which says "You knew your duty. Yet you failed to do it."

Your duty is to save. There can be no shirking that duty. This has been called "A war of production." Remember, savings and production go hand in hand. In 3% Savings Bonds your money will speed the wheels of the factories which give the tanks, planes and guns needed for victory.

Time presses. Consult your banker or stockbroker at once.

3% SAVINGS BONDS 1955-65

A full Trustee Security obtainable through any Bank or Stockbroker. Price of issue £100 per cent. No limit to holdings. There is also a Post Office Issue and a Trustee Savings Bank Issue with a maximum subscription of £1,000.

★Give National Savings Gift Tokens this Christmas. You can buy them, in units of 15/-, up to any amount at Post Offices, Trustee Savings Banks or through Savings Groups. The recipient can exchange them for Savings Certificates or use them to make deposits in the Post Office or Trustee Savings Banks.

Issued by The National Savings Committee, London



CONTENTMENT

Development does not admit of contentment.

Contentment with the success of yesterday will develop failure to-morrow.

The Chatwood Security is the result of the development of ideas and a persistent refusal in any way to acknowledge contentment.

The tradition of the firm indicates its policy and the confidence of the banker to whom it renders service is reflected in the great growth of the firm.

J.E.S.

THE CHATWOOD TRADITION

"ACHIEVEMENT IS BUT ANOTHER MILESTONE ALONG THE HIGHWAY OF PROGRESS—THE END OF THE JOURNEY LIES EVER BEYOND."

THE CHATWOOD SECURITY

THE CHATWOOD SAFE CO. LTD.

Bankers' Engineers

HEAD OFFICE: SHREWSBURY, ENGLAND
Teleg. CHATWOOD SHREWSBURY. Tel. SHREWSBURY 4001

LONDON - MANCHESTER - GLASGOW
SHANGHAI - SINGAPORE - BOMBAY

Bubble and Squeak

(Continued from page 464)

A BOY approached his schoolmaster's desk and asked for a new pen nib. Given it, he threw the old nib on the floor.

With weary sarcasm the master inquired: "Is it instinct, Jones, that makes you throw your nutshells at the bottom of your cage?"

The same day the schoolroom blind became wedged, and after one of the boys failed to ease it, the master climbed on the radiator, and adjusted the blind easily.

As he dusted his hands, Jones remarked brightly: "I see you can still climb all right, sir!"

"YE saved me fra' drooning, laddie," said Macpherson, "and I wad gladly gie ye a shillin', but I've only a twa-shillin' piece."

"Never mind about that," replied the rescuer, "jump in again."

THREE men arrived at the railway station. As they reached the platform the train began to move out. The men ran for the train, and the guard and a porter bundled two of them into the guard's van.

The third man stood disconsolately on the platform watching the train, the last that night, disappear.

"Hard luck, sir," said the porter, "I'm sorry you were unable to get on."

"Yes," replied the man, "my friends will be sorry, too; they were only seeing me off."

THE reprobate was making one of his frequent appearances in the dock.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself," said the magistrate, "to be so often in this court?"

"Well, sir," replied the man, with a genial leer, "what's good enough for you is good enough for me."

AFTER twenty years' absence a man returned to his home town. He discovered only one of the original residents, an old Irishwoman.

"Tell me, Mrs. Daly," he said, "what became of poor little Jimmy McKenna?"

"Poor!" echoed Mrs. Daly. "Poor nothin'. Jimmy had no schoolin', as you may remember, but when he grew up he made a fortune although he couldn't read or write."

"Where is he now?"

"Oh, about two years ago he went down to the pool where some of the boys was swimmin', and it bein' a warm day he took off his clothes, and went in and was drowned."

"Too bad," said the visitor. "To think of a boy like that coming to such an end. And he made a fortune, you say? Yet he couldn't read or write."

"No," said Mrs. Daly. "Nor swim."

HERE is a deliciously silly story taken from "Peterborough's" column in the *Daily Telegraph*:

A sergeant-major stopped a recruit who was walking out in battle dress and brown shoes.

S.M.: "Where did you get them shoes?"

R.: "I had them in private life, sergeant-major."

S.M.: "What were you in private life?"

R.: "On the Stock Exchange."

S.M.: "Did you have a silk hat as well?"

R.: Yes, sergeant-major."

S.M.: "Then why don't you wear that?"

R.: "I don't care for a silk hat with brown shoes."

THE youngster cuddled snugly under the blanket. "All right, grandma," he piped, "I'm ready for my bedtime story."

Grandma patted the tot's head.

"Very well, dear," she began, softly. "Tonight I'm going to tell you the story of the travelling salesman who—"

The child began to laugh uproariously. Grandma was surprised.

"What are you laughing at?" she asked.

The youngster gave out another hearty guffaw.

"That," he chuckled, "reminds me of one . . ."



"Do you think I ought to write those 1,000 lines, Sir, in view of the serious paper shortage?"

WHY WASTE PAPER?

The country needs your waste paper. Hoard it, and you help the enemy. Destroy it, and you deprive our sailors, soldiers and airmen of vital ammunition.

Every scrap is vitally important. Turn out your cupboards, ransack your bookshelves. Stern reality must take the place of an easier sentimentality.

One book a week from each of the 11,000,000 homes throughout the country will mean 240,000 tons of paper for munitions of war within a year.

Do not let your home fail in its national responsibility.

GILLETTE

blades last *longer

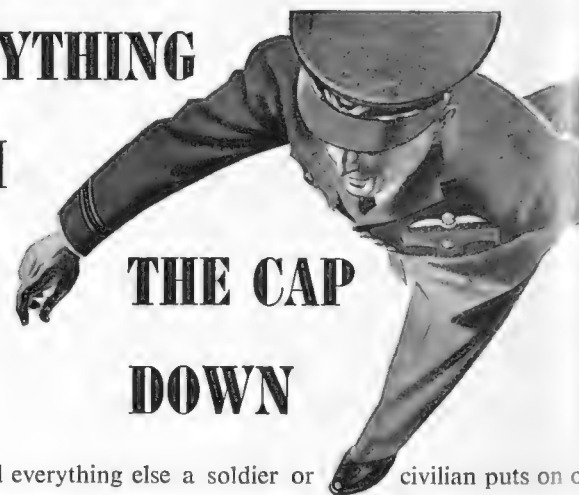
PRICES INCLUDING PURCHASE TAX

Blue Gillette 1/3 for 5
Stainless Gillette 1/3 for 5
Thin Gillette 1/3 for 6

*... and even longer still if you will remember always to hold your blade by the ends when inserting or removing it from the razor—never touch the edge with fingers. It is your duty to preserve these precious cutting edges, getting more shaves per blade and using fewer blades in the year.

and save steel

EVERYTHING FROM



THE CAP DOWN

Uniforms and everything else a soldier or civilian puts on or wriggles into. Heavy and light underwear; shirts; pyjamas; socks; khaki and coloured ties; raincoats; gloves; hats; scarves; greatcoats—as well as necessary etceteras like handkerchiefs, braces, suspenders, umbrellas and suitcases.

Just a part of the
AUSTIN REED
Service

103-113 REGENT STREET, W.1 • 77 CHEAPSIDE, E.C.2

Aldershot, Alton, Amesbury, Barmouth, Bath, Belfast, Birmingham, Bothwell, Bournemouth, Bristol, Carlisle, Dunbar, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Grantham, Harrogate, Hove, Hull, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Norwich, Nottingham, Oxford, Plymouth, Richmond (Yorks), Sheffield, Shrivenham, Southampton.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

HAPPY EVENT!

A MOTHER-TO-BE, and she looks her prettiest! All DU BARRY MODELS are designed on a patented principle (Patent No. 2811) which makes them comfortable and concealing. Come and try on some of the really smart styles or send for beautiful folio of designs. The woollen suit as sketched in lovely range of colours 5 gns.

COUPON ECONOMY

Du Barry's New Coupon - Free Department will re-model your dress after the event

Du Barry MATERNITY WEAR

MAYfair 0118
DU BARRY—New Showroom
68 DUKE STREET, OXFORD STREET, W.1
(opp. Selfridges)

TORBAY HOTEL
TORQUAY

Tel.: 2218 Telegrams: Torbay, Torquay

100 bedrooms

SPECIAL TERMS FOR H.M. SERVICES

WRITE FOR TARIFF T

BREAST SUPPORTER

For small figures only, in white fine material, 19/6

White material, For drooping, heavy figures, from 42/6

Loose Breasts, from 38/6

Pink, Silk or Net, Detachable straps from 52/6 & 58/6

Very low back model, 63/-

Please state Bust and Underbust measurements.

TO PREVENT BREAST FROM DRAGGING, COLLARBONES FROM PROTRUDING, MUST WEAR JOUJOU BREASTS SUPPORTER. IT PREVENTS SORENESS, CHAFE AND STOOPING. GIVES UPLIFT, RELIEVES PAIN, INFLAMMATION, WHICH ARISE FROM NEGLECT. ALSO DESIGNED FOR MATERNITY AND NURSING MOTHERS. PREVENTS MILK CLOTTING. MUST BE WORN DAY AND NIGHT.

Various prices for one's requirements and taste.

FOR AMPUTATION. Prices on application.

Joujou Breast Supporter with Pad.

Personal fitting when calling or send your order.

Free illustrated circular. Orders guaranteed immediately executed by return post. Write or Phone Welbeck 1249

Post free only in U.K. Obtainable only from— 241241 Dept. T.424

"JOUJOU" Co., 32, Baker Street, London, W.1

Now made only in the popular

SLOTTED PATTERN

3s each

"ECLIPSE"

SUPER-RAZOR BLADE

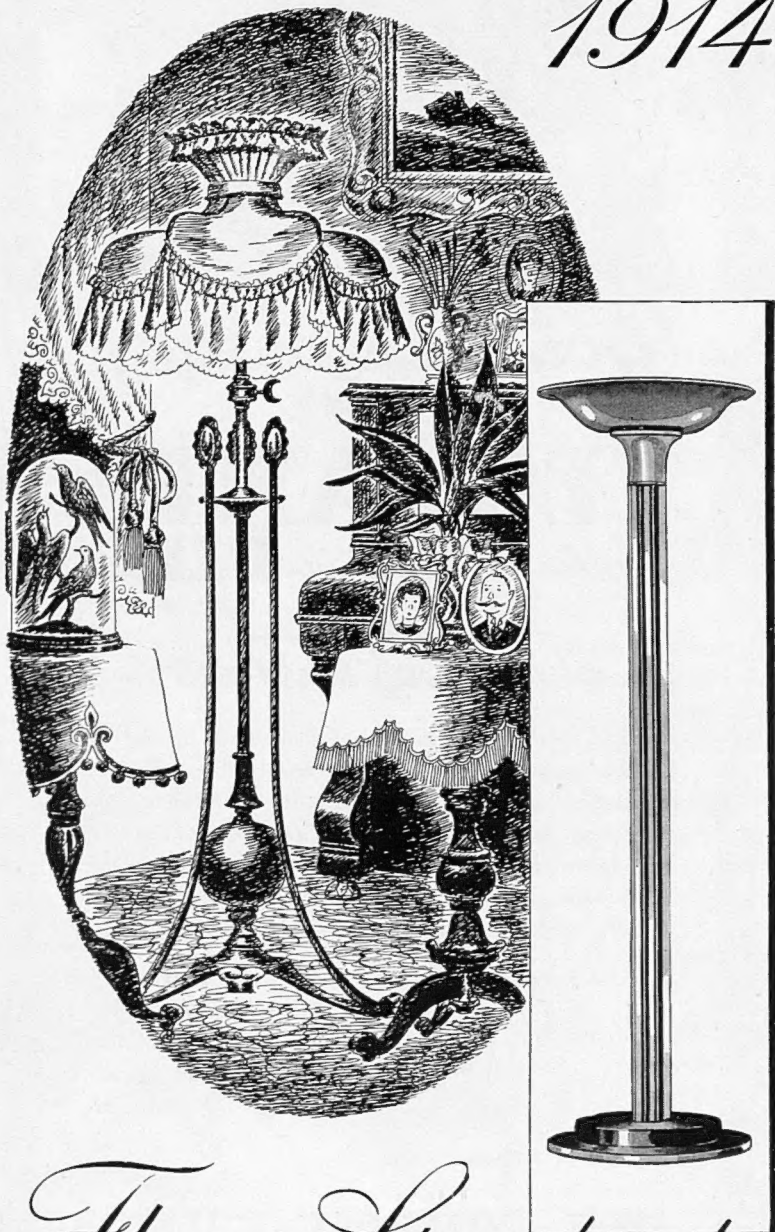
5 for 4/3 including Purchase Tax

For clean, comfortable shaving the Eclipse Blade stands supreme and, when used in conjunction with the Eclipse Red Ring Razor, the perfect shaving combination is obtained.

'Eclipse' Razors: 3/3 & 5/6 including Purchase Tax

JAMES NEILL & CO (SHEFFIELD) LTD.

Standard Lamp... 1914



Floor Standard... today

THE contrast between the elaborate silk covered lamp standard of 1914, and its modern elegant counterpart symbolises the rapid and continuous progress always being made in the electrical industry. Science did not stand still in 1914 and to-day the G.E.C. is keeping abreast of developments and improvements that will result in better electrical equipment for the home when this war is over.

Remember

G.E.C.

FOR EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL

Advt. of The General Electric Co. Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2



Women are winning the War - of Freedom

England has always been a "free country" but grandmother's mother would have been surprised at the spacious activities of girls in 1941. It was not "polite" when she was young to do a man's job—and it was not possible. Women were still largely restricted by natural disabilities. Tampax—sanitary protection worn internally—has changed all that. In doing so it has liberated women of today for the strenuous struggle for freedom; the task that allows no time for "off-days."

TAMPAX

REGD. TRADE MARK

worn internally

PRICES 7d. 1/2 & 1/9

NEW FAMILY PACK 40 FOR 6/-

Sold by BOOTS, TIMOTHY WHITES & TAYLORS, and other chemists, departmental stores, drapers, WOOLWORTH'S, MARKS & SPENCER LTD. and THE N.A.A.F.I.

For further information regarding Tampax please write to The Nurse, Tampax Ltd., Belvue Road, Northolt, Middlesex.



Valstar
"777"
Raincoat

SUPERLATIVE
QUALITY AND
DESIGN

In normal times the best shops have "777." Supplies are, however, now strictly limited.

"Valstar coats in approved styles, are available for all branches of the Services.

J. MANDLERBERG & CO. LTD. PENDLETON · MANCHESTER
MANUFACTURERS OF HIGH GRADE WEATHERWEAR

JACQMAR'S

Collection of Topical Scarves
is displayed in their Scarf Room
"HAPPY LANDINGS"
"FREE FRANCE"
"HOME GUARD"

and many others at 1½ gns. and 2½ gns.
JACQMAR, 16 GROSVENOR ST., W.1

WANTED FURS & FUR COATS

Highest Prices Paid
SEND TO-DAY

We refund carriage and make offer
per return

CHILD, 32 Hill Street, Birmingham

Est. 45 years

Bankers: Lloyds



*You can adapt
your*
FERRANTI
Radiant Electric FIRE
*to suit the
changing seasons*

ELECTRIC fires are, of course, designed primarily for winter use, but they are ideal for occasional warmth in summer, particularly in the cool of the evening. The two-bar Ferranti Fires are designed to provide a choice of "heats" by switching on one or both elements. But you can vary the heat of a single-bar fire by having a "spare" element of lower capacity.

If your Ferranti Fire is not giving maximum efficiency, or if you have an old fire which has been discarded, you will probably find that some minor replacement will bring it into active service again. Our expert advice is always available to users of Ferranti Fires.

FIRST • FOREMOST • HOTTEST

FERRANTI LTD., Moston, MANCHESTER, 10
London Showrooms: Bush House, Aldwych, W.C.2

FF279



The
History of
HENNESSY
is the
History of
**GOOD
BRANDY**

★ ★ ★

VAPEX
WILL STOP
THAT COLD



From your Chemist, 2/3 and 3/4

V216

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

A DROP ON YOUR HANDKERCHIEF

WHEN you have finished with this Journal, please remember to hand it in over the counter of your nearest Book-collecting Post Office, unwrapped, unaddressed and unstamped, for free transmission to the men and women of our Fighting Forces.

TITLED LADIES' GOWNS

COATS, COSTUMES, etc., created by MOLYNEUX, HARTNELL, CHANEL, WORTH, PAQUIN, SCHIA-PARELLI, etc., new or worn once only, also direct from all the eminent houses. Our prices 2-12 gns. approx. (½ pre-war prices).

REGENT DRESS CO.

1st Floor, Piccadilly Mansions, 17 Shaftesbury Avenue,
Piccadilly Circus, W.1.
(Next door to Gate Motico).

Gerrard 7326

Gentlemen's Dept., 2nd Floor.

WARDONIA
BLADES
FOR BETTER SHAVES
FIT ALL 3-PEG RAZORS
SMALL PACKET 1/-
LARGE PACKET 2/6
PLUS PURCHASE TAX

ASK FOR THEM AT N.A.A.F.I. CANTEENS

Good King Wenceslas looked out
On the feast of Stephen
Where the rough lay round about,
Deep and most uneven.
Gloomy was the good king's plight—
Playing like a rabbit—
When a member came in sight:
Birdies were his habit.

"Hither, Pro., and stand by me,
If thou knowest it telling,
Yonder member, why is he
'Fore' so loudly yelling?"
"Ah, North British is the ball
That he'll surely use, Sire,
On the green you'll see it fall —
It's the ball to choose, sire."

"Bring my clubs, set up my tee,
Place the golf ball hither.
With your words I don't agree;
Watch my drive go thither."
Pro. and monarch forth they went,
Forth they went together,
But the ball, to their lament,
Nestled in the heather.

"Sire, the rough is cruel now,
And the wind blows stronger,
Play North British—that is how
Drives are straight and longer."
"I will try one, good my Pro.
Ah, that went more boldly!
When my card goes in, I know,
Folks won't view it coldly."

In the masters' steps he trod,
Playing down the fairway;
Shots went Pin-Hi from the sod—
Supercharged was their way.
Therefore, golfing men, be sure,
If you're not progressing,
Play North British and secure,
Drive and putts impressing.



SUPERCHARGED S.S. The choice of champions

PIN-HI High Performance at low cost

MADE BY THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER CO., LTD.



"Well, what's the spirit of the troops, Major?"
 "White Label', if they know what's what!"

DEWAR'S "White Label"

It never varies